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APR 15 1937

THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

Vol. XIII. No. 319 (New Series) SATURDAY, APRIL 3, 1937 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] SIXPENCE

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THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

THE Indian Constitution came into force on April 1st under a dark cloud. Ministries have been formed in all the Provinces, but in the six where the Congress won a majority at the polls they are minority Governments. The Congress Party has refused to co-operate, since the Governors would not give the assurance demanded of them about the use of their powers of interference. We did not, for our part, expect that they would give any such formal assurance, and it seems rather surprising that Mr. Gandhi should have expected they would. But apparently he did. He declares that nothing contrary to the Constitution was asked for—only a statement that (as British Ministers had frequently asserted) the Governor's powers would not "ordinarily" be used. If that was all, his critics say, were not he and his friends making a fuss about nothing? On the other hand—again if that was all—could not Government without any loss of its dignity have found some means of accommodation? There will be small hope of the Constitution working if pedantry and punctilio are to be the order of the day. India is faced now with the prospect of another bitter conflict, a renewal of violence and coercion which can profit no one, and calculated to harden and unite the Congress Party—which at present is by no means all of one mind about its policy. If that struggle is to be avoided there is need of something better than the big stick against Indians struggling, according to their lights and their capacity, for freedom.

The War in Spain

Fighting round Madrid has been less severe during the past week, but the Government forces continue to gain ground. They have made a big drive on the Cordova front and are reported to have the enemy on the run. Government warships have bombarded Majorca and Iviza and have done some damage. There are persistent rumours of mutiny in the rebel armies, and though some of these lack confirmation it is certain that there is much disaffection, alike in Spain and in Morocco, whither General Franco himself has apparently gone to deal with the trouble. There is plenty of evidence, too, of disheartenment and disgust among the Italian "volunteers," who are still being killed, wounded, and taken prisoner in considerable numbers, despite the official denials from Rome. Meanwhile, the British and the French Governments are concerned about insurgent attacks on their shipping on the high seas; and not merely protests, but threats of "rigorous measures" against such acts of piracy have been sent to Franco from London and Paris. It remains to be seen whether the pirate chief will be frightened by these warnings and, if he is not, whether France and Britain mean business.

Japan and Naval Guns

The refusal of the Japanese Government to restrict to

14 in. the calibre of the guns mounted in future on her battleships marks the end, for the present, of efforts to secure "qualitative limitation." Whether the decision is of much practical importance in existing circumstances is doubtful. The American press has given currency to reports that Japan intends to lay down two capital ships of 50,000 tons, mounting 18 in. guns. If the U.S.A. were to follow suit, American conceptions of naval strategy would have to be modified; for these monster vessels could not pass through the Panama Canal, and a self-contained fleet would presumably have to be stationed permanently on the Pacific Coast. An official spokesman of the Tokyo Navy Office, however, has denied that Japan has any such intentions. She is evidently determined to have complete autonomy in deciding her "absolute minimum needs" in the way of naval strength; but in this she is no more than echoing the phraseology adopted by our own Government. For tax-payers in all the leading maritime countries there is the unpleasant prospect in any case of having to finance the construction of an indefinite number of vessels costing up to £8,000,000 apiece. Japan's budgetary position makes it unlikely that she will challenge the U.S.A. to a competitive race in still costlier battle-fleet units.

Italy and Jugoslavia

The five-years' pact of amity and economic co-operation concluded between Italy and Jugoslavia has been greeted with a chorus of German press approval, but has, not unnaturally, been looked at askance in Paris. On the face of it, the new accord implies a weakening of the French "system" in South-Eastern Europe. Under Article 1 of the agreement Jugoslavia agrees to remain neutral in the event of Italy's being "subjected to an unprovoked attack by any other Power or group of Powers." M. Stoyadinovitch, the Jugoslav Premier, has apparently explained that a decision by the League proclaiming Italy an aggressor would override the undertaking to maintain neutrality. But following the recent great increase in Jugoslavia's commercial dealings with Germany, the new pact suggests that M. Stoyadinovitch has been somewhat detached from the two other members of the Little Entente and brought within the Nazi-Fascist sphere of influence. Economically Jugoslavia does well by the quota arrangements included in the agreement, and it is understandable that she should welcome Italy's promise to respect her frontiers—e.g., the Dalmatian coast—and not to harbour Croatian separatists in Italy. The very fact, however, that Jugoslavia appears to gain so much raises the suspicion, at least in Paris, that the pact must be based on an unpublished undertaking by Jugoslavia favourable to Italy's aggressive Mediterranean policy.

The National Accounts

The Budget for 1936–37 has closed more or less in accordance with anticipations. On the revenue side, Customs and Stamps have bettered the Chancellor's expectations; in the case of Income-tax and Surtax, thanks possibly to deliberate leniency extended to dilatory payers, there is a slight short-fall. Total revenue, at £797.3 millions, is £1.1 million less than estimated. Excluding the £13.1 millions allocated to Sinking Fund, expenditure amounts to £789.8 millions, an advance of £53.2 millions on 1935–36, but £10.5 millions less than the final estimates. The Defence Departments spent all but £2 millions of their allocation, but there was a saving of nearly £9 millions on civil account. Accordingly, the Chancellor has netted an actual surplus of £7.5 millions for debt redemption. On the other hand, it has to be remembered that his receipts include over £5 millions of "capital" transferred from the Road Fund and already utilised in effect for the repayment of debt. Moreover, on any true reckoning of the debt position, account should be taken of the fact that accrued, unpaid interest on National Savings Certificates increases at the rate of £9 millions a year. The state of the National Accounts is reasonably satisfactory in the sense that we have financed large increases in Defence expenditure without, so far, incurring any considerable deficit. One cannot rate Mr. Chamberlain's achievement higher than that.

Progress of the Factories Bill

The Factories Bill has been grinding its way steadily through Standing Committee. When Parliament rose before Easter 45 clauses out of the 152 in the Bill had been dealt with. These cover the general provisions regarding health, safety and welfare; the special provisions will be discussed when the Committee resumes next week. Sir John Simon and Mr. Geoffrey Lloyd have so far adopted a conciliatory attitude towards many of the amendments; and a number of them (including provisions as to temperature, overcrowding, fencing of machinery, dangerous liquids, washing facilities, etc.) have been withdrawn on the promise of the Home Secretary to consider the redrafting of the relative clauses in the Bill. Some minor amendments have been adopted; and, on the whole, the Bill has been markedly improved, and will be still more so if the alterations promised by Sir John Simon are satisfactorily carried out. But bigger changes are needed to make this measure what it ought to be. It is stained by sins of omission and of commission. Outstanding among these are the all too generous provisions for overtime and the excessive legal working week for juveniles. Amendments on both heads will, of course, be resisted by the Tory industrialists and those who take their cue from them. Will the Government have the courage to choose genuine reform in preference to reaction, when the Committee comes to these clauses?

The Supreme Court Follows the Elections

The U.S.A. Supreme Court has still not pronounced judgment on the Wagner Labor Relations Act. But it has upheld the Railroad Labor Act and the revised version of the Frasier-Lenke Farm Indebtedness Act, and has also reversed its previous decision about the legality of State legislation providing for a minimum wage. This looks very much as if the Court (or perhaps merely the one member of it whose change of side was decisive) is endeavouring to shield itself from President Roosevelt's reform proposals by presenting a more liberal face to the American public. The decisions are of great importance in their special fields; and if the Labor Relations Act is also upheld, the Administration will not have much to fear from the Supreme Court in the immediate future. It is not, however, likely that the Court's change of front will cause the President to modify his plans for its reform. This week the eighty-year-old Senator Carter Glave has

delivered over the wireless a positively hysterical attack upon Mr. Roosevelt, accusing him of smashing the Constitution and seeking to make himself a bureaucratic dictator. But such outbursts from the aged do not cut much ice in these days. The threat to the Supreme Court may suffice to give Mr. Roosevelt some respite from its harrying. But if the threat were withdrawn, or beaten off, it seems fairly safe to predict that Mr. Justice MacReynolds and his elderly colleagues would soon be back at the old game.

The Strike at Parkhead

The strike of engineers at Messrs. Beardmore's works at Parkhead is a sign of the times. The engineers have been very quiet of late years, because they have been conscious of the dangers of strike action in view of the strength of the employers' organisation and the existence of a considerable reserve of unemployed labour. But already rearmament has created a shortage of highly skilled engineers, and many individual workmen of special skill are getting paid more than the standard district rates. The Parkhead workmen, who are highly skilled, want the firm to grant them a special advance. When this demand was put forward the firm was outside the Engineering Employers' Federation, and therefore not a party to the agreed Provisions for Avoiding Disputes. Faced with the wage-claim it joined the Federation and argued that the men would have to put their case through the regular —and dilatory—procedure of local and national negotiation without resorting to a strike. The engineers, however, refuse to regard the last-minute adhesion of the firm to the E.E.F. as binding upon them, and accordingly they have persisted in the strike. Whether the A.E.U. will recognise their action is still doubtful; but, whether or no, they seem to be in a strong position. Undoubtedly a large section of the engineering industry can now well afford higher wages than are being paid. Someone has to start demanding them; and it hardly seems fair for a business which has been outside the national agreement hitherto to take sudden shelter behind its provisions when a strike is threatened.

Storm Over Blackpool

A very important point of principle has been raised at the Easter Conference of the National Union of Teachers. The Blackpool local education committee has a scheme under which children in the council schools are to attend church or chapel services from 9 to 10 a.m. on six chosen days in the year, and the teachers have been asked to attend with them. To this the teachers have demurred, and their refusal has now been given the whole-hearted backing of the N.U.T. Mr. Patten, the president of the Union, in a public statement of their case, made it clear that they were not attacking religious instruction in the schools. But the attempt to "sort out the children into good little Roman Catholics, good little Anglicans, good little Nonconformists and good little 'nothingarians'" and then press the teachers to submit themselves to the same process—this, he said, was a gross impropriety, savouring of ancient sectarian controversies which we had thought were dead and forgotten. The local education authority and the ministers of religion, on their side, say that a similar scheme works quite satisfactorily in Wakefield and they do not see why it should not do so in Blackpool. That does not seem to us a good answer. If the purpose is to support the Archbishop's "Back to Religion" appeal, there are other and less improper ways of doing it than this. We hope that, in the coming official discussions of the matter, the public principle for which the N.U.T. are contending will be completely vindicated.

Trade Unions in Conference

Among the Trade Unions which have been in conference over Easter, there have been clear signs that the lukewarmness of the Trades Union Congress towards the cause of the Spanish Government has not been to the mind of the Labour movement. Not only the Distributive Workers, who are habitually on the Left, but also the Shop Assistants, demanded a more active Spanish policy; and the conferences in general were livelier, and showed more signs of Trade Union awakening, than those of recent years. The Distributive Workers gave their adhesion to the Joint Unity Campaign of the Communists, the Socialist League, and the I.L.P.; and in this matter too the Shop Assistants were of the same opinion, though only by a very narrow majority. These two Unions seem now at last likely to carry through the amalgamation which has been discussed between them for a great number of years. If this is done, it should lead to a considerable strengthening of Trade Unionism in the distributive industry, in which it has begun to gain ground steadily during the past year. Other Trade Union conferences were of more purely domestic interest; but it is evident that membership is now rising fairly fast in most sections of the working class movement.

The I.L.P's Demands

The Easter Conference of the I.L.P. can hardly have given unalloyed satisfaction to its partners in the Unity Campaign. In the first place, the I.L.P., in a resolution upholding the campaign for "working class unity," delivered a strong attack on "the tactic of the Popular Front," and insisted that there must be no dilution of the United Front by collaboration with any group outside the working class movement. Secondly, it denounced the Third International as well as the Labour and Socialist International to which the Labour Party belongs, and demanded a brand new International of its own. It accused the Moscow International of having "betrayed the whole basis of the class struggle in its adoption of the policy of collaboration with capitalist Governments, capitalist instruments, and the so-called democratic elements in the capitalist class." The Labour and Socialist International was accused of betraying the Spanish workers. Thirdly, the I.L.P. demanded an impartial investigation by representative Socialists of the recent Moscow trials, and thus associated itself with the Trotskyites; and fourthly, it went out completely against rearmament and in favour of working-class resistance to war. The I.L.P. need not, of course, be taken very seriously; for it has not much backing except on the Clyde. But, if these are its views, it is not very clear what it is doing in a joint campaign with the Communist Party, which holds diametrically opposite opinions on most of the matters discussed.

All MSS. and letters should be addressed to the Editor, at 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.
POSTAGE on this issue is: Inland, 1d.; Foreign, 1½d.; Canada, 1d.

NON-INTERVENTION

IN the history of Britain's foreign policy, the road to hell has too often been paved with undisclosed intentions. During the debate on the adjournment before the Easter recess, the Government was pressed to state what its attitude would be if the flimsy structure of the Non-Intervention scheme were finally shattered by proved breaches of its provisions on the part of Italy. Lord Cranborne, in his reply, was definite in nothing but his refusal to answer "hypothetical" questions. The situation propounded by his questioners had not arisen; there was no clear confirmation of reports that Italian personnel (other than doctors and hospital detachments) had landed in Spain since the Non-Intervention Pact came into force on February 20th, or that additional Italian divisions were being mobilised in Italy for embarkation. That may be so; if we are to believe its spokesmen in Parliament, the British Government has been singularly ill-served with information by its diplomatic and Consular representatives in the Mediterranean since the Spanish conflict began. But to argue, as Lord Cranborne did, that it is "impossible to manage international affairs," if we announce what we intend to do in certain eventualities, is a puerile evasion, and an insult to the intelligence of the democracy which the Government is supposed to represent. Have we not, as signatories to the Covenant itself, declared what we shall do if an act of aggression against a fellow-signatory takes place? The eventual peace of Europe depends largely on the British Government's readiness to face up now to the only too likely results of its own policy in Spain and to define in advance, and publicly, its intentions should those results materialise.

There can no longer be any pretence that Mussolini is not waging war against the legitimate Government of Spain. A large, highly mechanised Italian army, equipped with artillery, tanks and aeroplanes, is operating on Spanish soil and fighting, not as reinforcements to General Franco's rebel cadres, but in its own formations. At Guadalajara a section of that army, estimated at 12,000 to 15,000 effectives, has suffered a humiliating reverse. We must reckon with the possibility that Mussolini will insist on this blow to Italian prestige being avenged. Save under the strongest pressure he will not now back out of his Spanish adventure. His spokesman in the London Committee has bluntly declared that not an Italian soldier will be recalled from Spain until the war is won for General Franco. The question, therefore, resolves itself into this: will he be content to rely on the ability of the present Italian forces in Spain to achieve their objective? Or will he consider it necessary to augment either their numbers or the means of warfare at their disposal—e.g., by sanctioning the employment of poison gas?

On paper, the strength of the Italian army in Spain should be adequate for it to exercise a decisive influence on the course of the campaign. Whereas the militiamen on the Government side are supported by no more than 10,000 to 12,000 volunteers in the International Brigade—probably no more than the Germans on the side of the rebels—the Italian army totals, at the lowest reasonable estimate, 60,000 men, and has been put by many observers at a considerably higher figure. On the other hand, those troops appear to consist mainly of Blackshirt, as opposed to regular, divisions; they are fighting for no cause within their comprehension; and in many instances have been led to believe they were sailing for Abyssinia. To judge by their recent unheroic performance on the Guadalajara front, their *morale* is bad. Add that the high command on the insurgent side has given no evidence of proficiency, and that there are significant reports of mutinies at Tetuan and elsewhere, the conclusion suggests itself that, even if the Government's powers of resistance be rated by no means high, Mussolini cannot hope to wrest victory from the present balance of forces in Spain except, at best, after a protracted and costly struggle, whose price in casualties stretching over many months may seriously damage his position in Italy. To supply the existing army with adequate munitions will in any case involve, we imagine, a breach of the *matériel* clauses of the Non-Intervention Agreement, since the munition factories in the territory held by the insurgents can probably do little more than fill the requirements of General Franco's own troops, Moors and legionaries, Carlists and Falangists. Desire for a quick decision that will at the same time restore Italian prestige and save expense, may well lead Mussolini to decide that his striking power in Spain must be strengthened. Poison gas might be used to do the trick; further reinforcements of infantry seem even more probable. In either case the Non-Intervention Pact would be irrevocably shattered. A situation would arise in which the British Government could no longer take refuge in "hypothetical" evasions, but must either take some form of counter-measures or accept Fascist domination over a vital link in the world's communications.

This is no mere question of British Imperialism. What is at stake in the Mediterranean is not simply the Suez route to India and the East, or free access to the oil pipelines of Iraq. Command of the "middle sea" by Italy would cut France off from Algeria, and deny to the Black Sea countries, and to Greece, Jugo-Slavia and Egypt access to the Atlantic save by Italy's goodwill. Can it be said that the record of Fascist Italy is such as to warrant her exercising such power? Neither France nor England could, in fact, tolerate the usurpation by Italy of control of the Mediterranean. Irrespective of the fact that Russia and Turkey would be on their side in the issue, the two western democracies would be forced to come to grips with Italy, rather than submit to loss of freedom for their shipping in the Mediterranean and through the Straits of Gibraltar. And, since these are facts, it is important that they should be made clear by the Governments in London and Paris, before things have gone so far that war appears to be the only solution.

Already Italy's threat to the freedom of the Mediterranean is disquieting. She has fortified the island of Pantellaria and greatly enlarged her naval and air force bases in Sicily, thereby dominating the narrow passage between Sicily and Tunis. She has virtually occupied Majorca and is engaged in turning Pollenza Bay into a first-class sea-plane base. If she is permitted to strengthen her expeditionary force in the Peninsula and thus to master Spain, she will be in a position to "sterilise" Gibraltar and command the Straits completely by fortifying Ceuta and Tarifa Point. In those circumstances, we have little

doubt, the British and French Governments would jointly take up the challenge and would demand the demilitarisation of the key points in the Mediterranean which had passed into Italian hands. We should then be faced with the prospect of war—a war in which the Franco-British fleet would be operating at a strategic disadvantage.

Ideally we should like to see every key point in the Mediterranean placed under international control. Practically, at the moment, the need is for steps to prevent Fascist control.

In their desire for "peace at any price to-day, never mind to-morrow," the British and French Governments have allowed the Fascist Powers to penetrate so far into Spain that Mussolini may be excused if he imagines that there is no limit to their tolerance. It is imperative that he should be disabused of the idea before he commits himself further. The obvious need to-day is for the British and French Governments to state plainly what they will do in the event of the Non-Intervention Agreement being further contravened. We are not arguing for the flooding of Spain with arms and reinforcements—"volunteer" or "totalitarian"—from all sides. The principle of Non-Intervention—or rather the pretence of it—has worked unfairly against the legitimate Government of Spain, but to discard it, now that the insurgents and their Fascist allies have supremacy in Spanish waters, would mean that all foreign shipping approaching the coast of Spain would have to be convoyed and "incidents" would be all too probable. Moreover, it is very unlikely that in a "free for all" scramble the Spanish Government would secure the lion's share of assistance.

The wiser and safer course—the only course consonant with the line they have so far taken—is for the British and French and Russian Governments to declare forthwith that they are determined to make non-intervention work. Whether it is feasible to withdraw all foreign nationals now engaged in Spain, seems extremely doubtful. But the immediate business is to ensure that no more shall go in. If the control scheme, whose long-deferred inception is still awaited, can be made to operate successfully, well and good. But if troops or munitions are still found to be reaching the insurgents from Italy or Germany, there remains the alternative of instituting a naval blockade of the coasts of Spain and Portugal. The establishment of such a *cordon sanitaire*, especially if it were instituted with the approval and on behalf of the Council of the League, could not be treated by Germany or Italy as an act of aggression. Their troops in Spain have no *locus standi* in international law, and General Franco has no belligerent rights. If it be objected that this would be "intervening," the answer is that the piratical acts of the insurgent war-vessels against British, French and Scandinavian shipping already call for naval "intervention" in a purely protective sense.

And what about the risk of the Italian fleet attempting to break the blockade and thus precipitating a European war? No doubt there would be such a risk, but it is a risk which must be run. One important factor in the situation is that Germany appears to be a good deal less inclined to go, or to back Mussolini in going, to extreme courses than she was a few months ago. In any case, the danger involved in making a firm stand is far less serious than the alternative of giving Fascism a free hand to dig itself in in Spain.

WORKMEN'S COMPENSATION

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT]

THERE are probably very few people who know anything at all about the subject who are wholly satisfied with the Workmen's Compensation Acts. From time to time Bills are introduced which propose sweeping changes in the law as it exists, but the drastic nature of these Bills usually defeats its own object, and the law relating to Workmen's Compensation has, apart from one or two minor amendments, remained unchanged since 1925.

There is one feature of the present administration of the Workmen's Compensation Acts which is extremely unsatisfactory, but which is seldom referred to, even by workmen's representatives. I refer to the systematic "settling off" of weekly payments by lump sums by employers and their insurers—especially their insurers. I will give an illustration of what I mean. A workman, aged perhaps 45 or so, meets with a serious accident. There is no question about the employers' liability, and compensation at the maximum rate of 30*s.* per week is paid by the employers' insurance company. Suppose in this case that the workman is a man for whose work the use of the right hand is essential, and that the injury is the amputation of the right arm. Suppose, too, that the employer is in a fairly small way of business, and cannot even pretend to find any kind of "light work" for the injured man. As a rule, in a case of this kind, the insurance company go on paying the full 30*s.* per week for a year or so. A man who knew nothing of the workings of the Workmen's Compensation Acts would imagine that the insurance company would have to go on paying 30*s.* a week until the workman's death. If he was curious enough to read through the 1925 Act, he would find, in Section 13, a provision enabling the insurance company to compel the workman to accept in final settlement of his claim a lump sum of such an amount as will enable the workman to purchase an annuity equal to three-quarters of his weekly compensation, i.e., in our present case, 22*s.* 6*d.* a week instead of 30*s.* And the man reading the Act would probably imagine that an insurance company, landed with such a liability as I have described, would hasten to take steps to pay off the workman on the three-quarters annuity basis. This would, in the case I have given, cost the insurance company about £1,098.

In real life, however, insurance companies rarely do this. They find that they can get rid of their liability for what, in comparison with the figure I have mentioned, is very often a bargain basement price. Their opening move is usually to reduce the workman's weekly compensation. They point out to him that he is now fit for light work, though they do not tell him where he can get it. If the workman's weekly earnings before his accident were £3 10*s.*, the insurance company say that he must now surely be able to earn at least £2 a week, and they reduce his compensation to half the difference between £3 10*s.* and £2, i.e., 15*s.* When the workman protests, as of course he usually does, the company's representative points out to him, not too blatantly, that he can now register at the Labour Exchange (after all, he is fit for *some* kind of work) and receive unemployment benefit.

The Labour Exchange officials make no difficulties, and if the workman is a married man with young children, he presently finds himself in receipt of 30*s.* or more, as unemployment benefit, *plus* the 15*s.* partial compensation. And he is often inclined to regard the insurance company's representative, who has shown him the way to this increase of 50 per cent. in his weekly income, as a philanthropist. The workman is often in this frame of mind when the insurance company make their next move, which is to approach him with an offer to settle his claim for a lump sum. Then follow negotiations, which vary a good deal according as to whether the workman is a member of a Trade Union or not, whether he has solicitors acting for him, the character of the insurance company, and so on. In the worst cases the workman may

settle off his weekly payment for a ridiculously low figure. If he is fairly well advised, he may receive a sum not so very much less than the annuity value of his full weekly compensation, or rather, three-quarters of it. Thus, in the case I have given, if the workman settled his claim for £800, he could congratulate himself on having brought off a settlement that might fairly be described, when compared with the average run of such settlements, as brilliant.

Well, let us suppose that our workman has effected one of these brilliant settlements. What happens next? He may "start a little business," a small shop. He has never had any previous business experience, so that his chances of making anything like a real success of the business are infinitesimal. The probability is that he will gradually drift into insolvency. He may, however, decide to use the capital of his lump sum, with such interest as he can get, to eke out his unemployment benefit. He will soon find that this benefit does not last for ever. Presently he will be on the means test, and his £800, or what is left of it, will have to be brought into account. I think it is safe to say that a lump sum settlement very rarely benefits a workman. On the other hand, one seldom finds an insurance company settling a claim for the amount they would have to pay if they proceeded to redeem the weekly payment in accordance with the Act.

The whole of the lump sum settlement system is contrary to the spirit of the Act. It causes a good deal of quite unnecessary worry and misery, for there are insurance companies which do not cease harassing a workman until he has settled on their terms. In almost every case, as I have tried to show, the net result of a settlement is that a considerable part of the financial burden which should properly be the insurance company's is transferred to the Poor Law Authority. There seems to be only one remedy, and that is to prohibit completely the settlement by agreement of a weekly payment. In addition the right now given to employers to redeem for three-quarters of the true value should be abolished. If employers wish to be relieved of what they regard as a nuisance they should not be allowed, as they now are, to be let off more lightly than employers who are prepared to carry out the obligations imposed on them by the Act. H. T. S.

AN AMERICAN DIARY

DUODENAL ulcers are common among journalists. This is not surprising when you realise that they spend their time gulping facts at an unmannerly pace and regurgitating articles without ever a chance to digest anything. I made up my mind to escape this occupational disease by refusing to write a word for eight weeks. No one who is not a journalist can imagine the lordly sensation of visiting the United States without giving a lecture or writing an article, of staying in the devastated Ohio valley and feeling no compulsion to describe the spectacle of this monstrous disaster, of talking with Mr. Roosevelt without reporting it, of listening to interminable discussions of the Supreme Court issue and the sit-down strikes without having to form premature judgments, of flying to Mexico and taking a disinterested pleasure in some of the grandest scenery in the world, of having long talks with Trotsky and President Cardenas and not telegraphing exclusive interviews to anyone, of sitting up all night watching Indian dances and just enjoying them without thinking out any apt phrases about their ethnological significance, unspoilt beauty or primitive charm. However, I'm back again in England and once more a journalist.

* * *

"Fourteen years since you were last in the United States? That's a long time, and you'll find a lot changed," said the Chicago business man, sitting in the next chair to mine on the deck of the *Washington*. "Shall I? Has the slump changed things much? Yes, I know that everyone is making money again. But do tell me whether you expect another slump soon or whether you think President Roosevelt's restrictions on share-pushing will do anything to smooth out the mountains and valleys of the capitalist cycle?" He was, I think, a little shocked at the question. No doubt there would be ups and downs in the future. No, Government regulations could not much affect speculation, though some people who were bitten last time might be rather less reckless gamblers now. But it was not important. And he explained why not, at such length that I almost went to sleep, what with the monotony of his voice and the dazzling sunshine on the white caps of the waves. He sympathised with many of Mr. Roosevelt's aims, but his methods were deplorable. Something would have to be done about these strikes. Labour had not—he admitted it—always had a fair deal in the past. But the way out was to pay high wages. In England we still seemed to believe in cutting labour costs instead of increasing wages and so keeping up the demand for goods. With the high wages policy, there need never be a big slump. America's resources were inexhaustible, her standard of living the highest in the world. . . . Aroused by these familiar phrases (for nothing sends the adrenalin racing through my blood as fast as the repetition of complacent *clichés*) I began to ask questions. What about unemployment even in this renewed prosperity? Was it less than ten millions? What about the nine million share-croppers in the South? He dismissed them; they were not in his field of vision. What about the conditions of the miners and the steel workers? The reply took some time and was mostly about Mr. Ford and whether people would all want two cars when they had a car each. Was it true that American resources were really inexhaustible? I asked about soil erosion. He said that was all nonsense. You only have to put a few chemicals in the earth . . . You could grow food with chemicals in your bathtub nowadays by a new process that was being worked out in California. But he had not heard of the Government report that there is the soil over an area of more than half the size of Germany has been irrevocably destroyed, that "robber" cultivation has allowed a vast fertile area to blow into the Atlantic and that, if nothing drastic is done in the next generation, another still larger area will return to waste as the Gobi desert did thousands of years ago, as the Garden of Eden turned into the sandy desolation of Mesopotamia. No, he had bolstered up his old faith in the unlimited capacity of unrestricted capitalism to create wealth by the discovery of the surprising achievements of Nazi Germany in finding artificial substitutes for everything. Artificial rubber . . . why not artificial soil? Why soil at all? Earlier he had confessed to a passion for citrous fruits. Would he, I asked, be satisfied with *Ersatz* for everything? Was there no quality in living and in the stuff of living that mattered? Would it really be "just as good" if some substitute was found for the life of the plough, if we all became factory workers even with motor cars? He tried hard to see my point. I think he got it when I asked him whether he would be satisfied with artificial grape-fruit.

* * *

I found in America that my Chicago business man no longer represented current opinion. What Mr. Roosevelt calls the "moral climate" of the United States has changed. From the point of view of economic and political thought America has jumped at one bound from a *laisser faire* complacency, such as possessed England in the mid-nineteenth century, to the liberal reformism of the Asquith-Lloyd George Government before the war. The slump and the pressure from below have awakened a social conscience in the United States. The capitalist is no longer so sure of himself. He is on the defensive. He no longer dismisses the inquirer as a "radical." He can't. The great majority of Americans have just elected as President a man who has uttered sentiments that were sometimes enough to send a man to gaol during the fanatical anti-Red period that followed the war. It has become impossible to argue that the poor are only poor by their own fault and that any good worker can become a Mr. Rockefeller, if he only tries hard enough. A fortnight after my conversation on the *Washington*, I found myself passing through the flooded valley

of the Ohio. The floods had gone down, but the scene was only comparable with Flanders or the Somme in 1917. A flood of water has much the same effect as a flood of soldiers. A wide sea of mud, draggled trees snapped off with the roofs of shattered houses caught in the broken branches, bedsteads, the remains of wardrobes, chairs, barns and thousands of rusted motor cars in vast rubbish heaps and gangs of workmen rebuilding the line, repairing the drains and shovelling away the debris. In most of the villages the brick buildings still stood; the wooden houses of the poor were flattened into heaps of boarding or sometimes turned upside down with their floor beams kicking in the air. Near me in the train was a morose man, a harassed woman and their two scolded and bewildered children. I played with the children and talked with the parents. They had built up a small business; they had saved up to buy a new car. The flood had long ago taken the car; they had stacked their furniture in the top floor and spent six weeks with relatives in the East. Would their furniture have been stolen? Would the house be beyond repair? Anyway, they were ruined and would have to start afresh. Of course, there would be plenty of work to do. . . . In another coach their story started an argument. Everyone agreed that the Government must do something for these people. Their ruin was not their fault, though it might be the fault of the authorities who had allowed the forests to be cut down, had not built reservoirs or river walls to curtail the annual flood. (The flood comes every year—it was merely about twice as big as usual this year.) Yes, relief was essential in such a case. But where, someone asked, does this lead to? What would happen to American democracy and to the rights of property in the United States, if people once got it into their heads that they always had a right to a livelihood if they found themselves, perhaps for no fault of their own, without food and shelter? It is not really the fault of factory workers if a thousand of them were suddenly turned off because the employers wanted to cut down production. And so we got to an argument about strikes and the Social Security programme and unemployment insurance, which was condemned out of hand by every business man a few years ago, but which now in one form or another exists through a large part of America. The phase of liberal reformism has arrived and Mr. Roosevelt is its natural representative. The attacks of the Republican old guard, Mr. Hearst's screaming headlines about Roosevelt being a "Red," a "Communist," merely ensured his election by an increased majority. Labour sees in Mr. Roosevelt's Liberalism at least the opportunity of organising, the moment for seizing within the existing order the position that Labour in England won for itself before the war. And though most American business men curse the necessity of recognising unions and the principle of State "interference" in industry (to protect any interest except that of property), they know in their hearts that Mr. Roosevelt is not destroying American capitalism but that he is in fact its saviour.

* * *

I arrived in New York at the very moment that Mr. Roosevelt was making his Supreme Court proposals. The issues of this controversy are not generally understood in England, and I shall discuss them on another occasion. There is of course a strong case to be made against these proposals. But what amazed me was the virulence and, I think, lack of judgment which even Mr. Roosevelt's most serious opponents show in their attacks. In the morning, for instance, I read Dorothy Thompson's onslaught in the *Herald-Tribune*—a very responsible and influential paper. She is an able woman and an excellent journalist. Yet she compared the President with Hitler and Mussolini and wrote two columns about his bid for dictatorship. In the evening I went to see the dramatic version of her husband's book, *It Can't Happen Here*. In this play Sinclair Lewis has magnificently succeeded in showing how Fascist dictatorship might come to the United States. It was staged with Government help as part of the Administration's scheme of national theatre-production. As I watched it, I wondered. If instead of enabling anti-Fascist propaganda to be staged at public expense, Mr. Roosevelt had been, in fact, doing all the things portrayed in this play, if the President had thugs organised in every United States village to beat up those who opposed him, if his gangsters were installed in the offices of the *Herald-Tribune* and Dorothy Thompson herself threatened with a concentration camp, her criticism could scarcely have been stronger. If a real dictator follows Mr. Roosevelt, no one will listen to the Republican champions of freedom, because they will not be able to find anything more bitter to say and people will have become so accustomed to their diatribes that they will pass unnoticed. In fact, the whole attack upon Mr. Roosevelt as a dictator, or indeed as anything but a very astute Liberal politician, is altogether unconvincing. His calm, persuasive voice on the radio dispels the delusion in five minutes. He is about as revolutionary as Mr. Lloyd George. He is no evangelist, working up hysteria, no Huey Long or Father Coughlin, no Hitler or Mussolini shouting defiance. There is not a thump on a tub, not a word of emotional or even personal appeal. You would have had to be both a trained lawyer and a practical and experienced politician to state a convincing answer to his argument. And yet this was a speech broadcast to the entire American people, and I venture to say that it was intelligible to every American voter.

* * *

I went to one of Mr. Roosevelt's famous press conferences for the newspaper man in Washington. Again his technique could scarcely have been bettered. He is not afraid of the press as Mr. Hoover was; he uses it frankly and properly. His smile has become stereotyped, but it is still engaging. The newspaper men like him because he is really more frank than most politicians and understands what they want with no fuss or waste of time. They know, of course, which questions are "planted" and he knows that they know. They understand each other excellently. He said, as if by a sudden indiscretion, exactly what he meant to say and never by a real indiscretion a word more than he meant to say. When they asked for more, he smiled more broadly. "No, you want to know too much. I'm not answering that." What a pleasant contrast to the Ramsay MacDonald trick of evading an awkward question by elaborate and ambiguous phrases which can be interpreted in five ways and all denied, if necessary, afterwards! No Jimmy Thomas notion that you can get away with anything if only you are jolly with the boys! Afterwards the President asked me what I thought of the conference. I told him he was consummate. He did not need telling, but I had to say something and he smiled even more broadly than before.

* * *

The idea of service in business shows no sign of decline in the United States. At Memphis I spent the night in the immense, up-to-date Peabody Hotel. Apparently I ought to have bolted my door—a thing that would never have entered my head. In the morning I found under the door a printed slip, signed by the manager. It read:

> Dear Guest,
>
> You neglected to BOLT your door last night. Our Night Manager, rather than awaken you, took the liberty of doing this for you. Just another little service the Peabody is happy to render its guests.
>
> We trust you enjoyed a good night's rest.
>
> CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5 - for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to Mr. J. Egan.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

Barriers between age and youth disappear in this spiritual army. Brig.-General P. Winser, D.S.O., trainer of racehorses and Great War veteran, describes himself as a "recruit in this new enlistment." "I have tried pig-sticking, war and racing," he says, "but this Oxford Group game of changing the world is the most thrilling thing I have ever met."—*Daily Record.*

Much as we all admired—almost worshipped—King Edward VIII as Prince and King, it was well known that he was not personally a philatelist.—*Stamp Collectors' Fortnightly.*

Mr. Rhodes was full of reverent admiration for and devotion to our Saviour, whose divinity he said it was not necessary to prove—the life was enough—"a perfect example for all time of what you would call a great English gentleman."—*National Review.*

Sir George [of the Foreign Office, speaking on behalf of Mr. Eden] then said that the British Government had decided not to allow any delegations in future, as on their return meetings were held and discussions arose which led to press publicity. This made it difficult for the Government to get the public to accept the official view of the situation in Spain.—Report in *Manchester Guardian* of ban on delegations to Spain.

The Chief Constable of Tynemouth, Mr. Tom Blackburn, has announced that his men must be "properly dressed" when off duty. He has ordered that when out of uniform the members of the force must wear blue suits, bowler hats, kid gloves, and collars and ties. No permissible variation from this dress is specified in the orders.—*Manchester Guardian.*

It would be an unhappy day for the future of the Senior Service if the Beagles failed to function. Hunting taught sound sporting qualities, and enabled the cadets to go forth into all parts of the world as ambassadors for their country.—Speaker at the Annual Hunt Breakfast of the Britannia Beagles, reported in the *Western Morning News and Gazette.*

ON HOSTILITY

I READ an article in a Sunday paper in which an American lady stoutly maintained that the chief cause of King Edward's abdication was the English dislike of Americans. That struck me as an astonishing view, because, like most other people, I had taken it for granted that exactly the same crisis would have occurred if Mrs. Simpson had been an Englishwoman. Nor had I heard any violent anti-American opinions expressed at the time of the abdication. I do not believe that any violent anti-American feeling exists among Englishmen.

This is not to say that Englishmen adore Americans. No sane people adores another people unless its vital interests are at stake. Let a war break out, and any people is prepared to adore temporarily almost any other people that will help to win the war. But no sooner is the war over than hands across seas and frontiers begin to relax their grip, foreigners are gradually thrust away from the national bosom, and everybody realises that love, being a brief madness, is over till the next war. It is difficult enough at times to love one's own country: it is impossible for a whole people to love somebody else's country for ever. The most that can be expected is a not too deep friendliness, a civil give-and-take.

As for passionate hostility to other peoples, that, too, is possible only when self-interest is involved. During the last two hundred years, the English people, as represented by their government, have been passionately hostile to Americans, Frenchmen, Russians, and Germans. During the same period they have been passionately enamoured of Germans, Russians, Frenchmen and Americans. There is no lasting hate or lasting love between peoples. You can hate a whole people only so long as it confronts you with a difficult problem, and threatens your self-interest. The Irish were unpopular in many parts of England for a long time because they were regarded as strangers who took the bread out of the mouths of English agricultural labourers. The unpopularity of the Jews in many places may be traced to similar causes. They have incurred hostility as too successful rivals.

There are, of course, traditional hatreds that seem almost to be in the blood. The Campbells, for a long time, had a bad name among the Jacobite clans in Scotland, and I have heard a Kerry man saying that when he was a boy he used to see red when he encountered another boy descended from a different chieftain. Even deep-seated hatreds such as these, however, that appeal to the imagination through their very uselessness, lose most of their strength as a rule after adolescence. It is only a very eccentric Stewart who, sitting beside a Campbell at a Burns Nicht dinner, would try to pour a few surreptitious drops of poison into his whisky. It is only a very eccentric Stewart indeed who, on such an occasion, would refuse to shake hands with a Campbell or to drink his very good health. The Scots are a practical people.

My own impression is that most people who hate the people of some other clan or some other country do so mainly for fun. They express more dislike than they really feel, as Dr. Johnson did when speaking of Scotsmen or, as the modern Scots prefer us to say, of Scotchmen. Expression of dislike in this fashion is a kind of leg-pulling. One of the minor pleasures of human life is denigration, as was shown by the popularity of debunking among post-war biographers. The finer the man was, the greater fun it was to debunk him. General Gordon, George Washington—even heroes such as these, whom nobody could hate, became delightful soap-bubbles, iridescent for a moment and then bursting amid universal laughter. If this is the fate of great men in a cynical world what can we expect to be the fate of great nations, who have far more conspicuous and tempting faults even than great men? Debunking nations has been a popular game for centuries, but it should be noted that the debunking is fundamentally a tribute to the nation. Dr. Johnson did not trouble to debunk the Fijians: there would have been no sense of triumph in flagellating those innocent islanders (if at that date they had been discovered). Like a boxer, he looked out for a rival worthy of his challenge. He chose the Scots and insulted them royally. But were his insults serious? I doubt whether he was fundamentally more serious when he was criticising the Scots than when he said: "The man who goes to bed before twelve o'clock is a scoundrel."

Racial prejudice undoubtedly exists, but for the most part, I fancy, it is superficial. I have met people who declared that they hated the Welsh or the Scots or the Irish or the English or the Jews, but I have never known anyone who, on being introduced to a member of the hated race, became suddenly frigid and made his escape at the first opportunity. On the contrary, the more fiercely a man expresses his hatred of a race, the more likely he is—when meeting a member of the race—to greet him like a long-lost brother. Even Dean Swift, who professed a hatred of the entire human race, made exceptions of Tom, Dick and Harry—in fact, of the individual members of the race whom he happened to know. The race that one hates is a figment of one's imagination: it is an Aunt (or a Lady or Mrs.) Sally at which to throw wooden balls in play. And breathes there a man with soul so dead that he has never enjoyed throwing wooden balls at an Aunt Sally?

Nations, however, are painfully sensitive. They cannot understand why foreigners should have fun at their expense. Each nation enjoys gibing at its neighbours, but it does not enjoy being made a butt in its own turn. All nations desire praise—and praise in no half-measures. "I like flattery," said Beerbohm Tree to Mr. Max Beerbohm, referring with disgust to a sycophant, "but I don't like it to be laid on with a trowel." "Oh," replied "Max," "I make no reservations." Neither does any nation. All nations, including the strong, silent English, like it to be laid on with a trowel. A Japanese lady, who had travelled in Europe recently wrote a book in which she made it clear that her impression of Englishmen was that in conversation they were always subtly trying to inveigle the foreigner into paying compliments to England. I am sure she was wrong as regards the particular poet whom she instanced; but I am equally sure that most Englishmen like to be told that they are wonderful and that they are unlike all other people in their indifference to

the opinion of foreigners. And why shouldn't they? After all, they are human. Or fairly so.

This passion for trowelfuls of praise, unfortunately, leads nations to believe that any one who does not "lay it on with a trowel" dislikes them. Criticising their obvious faults seems to them to be as hostile an act as it would be to criticise the faults of one's neighbours at a dinner party. I confess I myself should be a little put out if a woman, sitting next to me at dinner, said to me: "It's a pity you're so bald" or "Did your ears always stick out like that?" And nations are equally sensitive. It was an American who spoke of his own people as being "too apt to purr at every stranger's praise." But what nation—or what individual—has there ever been who did not long to be made to purr? To refrain from making a cat purr, when one has a chance of making it purr, is evidence of a dislike of cats. May it not be, then, that to refrain from making a nation or a human being purr in similar circumstances is evidence of dislike of the nation or the human being?

I do not think so. Nobody likes a foreign nation as much as he likes cats—especially his own cat. Besides, foreigners appeal to one's sense of humour. Their different voices, their different turns of speech, their different gestures, their different habits, good or bad, seem comic in contrast to one's own. More than this, foreigners lack something—I don't know what—that makes all the difference. The Yorkshireman feels this about the southerner, and vice versa. The Englishman feels it about the Irish and the Irishman about the English. We may even firmly declare that some foreign nation is the only civilised nation on earth, but in our hearts we believe that we have virtues that make us its superior. Our national egotism is invincible. Does this mean, however, that we dislike foreigners? Not in the least—if they lay it on with a trowel. We like some foreigners and are bored by others, as we like and are bored by our own countrymen. But what foreigners should remember is that even a boring foreigner can be interesting if he brings a sufficiently large trowel. It is the most necessary implement for building a really strong and happy League of Nations. In the intervals of trowel-work, however, let it not be thought that we are seething with hatred because we divert ourselves with throwing a few balls at an Aunt Sally. Y. Y.

PASSPORT TO SPAIN

LAST week the British Government refused to grant passport facilities to an English journalist to visit Spain, and thereby raised a first-class issue under the Non-Intervention Agreement.

The facts are shortly as follows. Mr. Claud Cockburn was representing in Spain two well-known news agencies. He was also acting under a pseudonym as a correspondent for the *Daily Worker*. In the early days of the war he had for a short period, in order to gain experience and to acquire first-class information about the actual fighting qualities and discipline of the Spanish Army, enlisted with the Government forces, and had taken part in an action on the Guadarrama front. Of this he never made any secret, and, in fact, in September gave evidence before Miss Rathbone's Committee on Intervention, describing in detail the part he had played. Since his period of service in the Spanish forces he has returned to England several times. On the last occasion, however, on which he wished to return to Spain he presented "deliberately" as he himself says, a credential, as indeed he was entitled to do, from the *Daily Worker* and asked for passport facilities as their correspondent. These were denied; Viscount Cranborne, explaining the matter in the House, said that "His request was refused in view of his past military activities in Spain." Further pressed, Lord Cranborne intimated that Mr. Cockburn was refused facilities because he had committed an offence against the Foreign Enlistment Act.

Most legal authorities are now agreed that the Act does not in fact apply to the present war in Spain. Moreover, Mr. Cockburn had served in the Spanish forces long before the Government issued their pronouncement purporting to bring the Act into force. Lord Cranborne when pressed on this point said that he should anyway have known the existing law. It is worth recalling that Mr. Cockburn's ignorance of the law was shared by the *Times* Diplomatic Correspondent who wrote in December

> The enlistment of British subjects in the service of either warring parties *would* become illegal under the Foreign Enlistment Act of 1870, *if the British Government were to recognise the belligerency of the two parties*. . . .

Even if, which is unlikely, the Government view of the law is right it is hard that Mr. Cockburn should be penalised for making a mistake in August which the *Times* Diplomatic Correspondent, who had available special sources of information, was repeating in December. It is important to note that the fact that Mr. Cockburn had once been a volunteer was the sole reason for refusing him a passport. It was not suggested by the Government that Mr. Cockburn intended to take further part in the hostilities and, in fact, it was said by Miss Rathbone in the House that if the Government were to require it from him he would give a formal undertaking not to do so.

But the issue is much more serious than the injustice done to Mr. Cockburn. It is clearly a distortion of the Non-Intervention Agreement by Great Britain. It is of course true that, generally speaking, the Foreign Secretary has an absolute discretion as to whom he shall issue passports. As Mr. Eden announced in the House, the whole object of the withdrawal of the validity of British passports for Spain was to enable Great Britain to comply with her obligations under the Non-Intervention Agreement. So far as passports for Spain are concerned the British Government act not for themselves but as agents of the Non-Intervention Committee.

Normally speaking a passport is both a *prima facie* certificate of British citizenship and of diplomatic protection. It is also a letter of introduction from the British authorities to the authorities of the country which the holder is visiting. When, therefore, a passport is marked "not valid" for some particular country, it means that the British Government are unwilling to afford the holder diplomatic protection in the country concerned, or else, that they are unwilling to recommend him to the foreign Government of that country.

In this case, however, the words "not valid for Spain" stamped on Mr. Cockburn's passport have nothing to do with diplomatic protection; they are addressed not to the Spanish authorities, but to the French authorities who are policing the Franco-Spanish frontier. They are not an intimation to the Spanish Government that inside Spain Mr. Cockburn is not someone they would like to recommend but are an instruction to the French authorities to stop him at the frontier. The words are stamped on the passport in fulfilment of the task entrusted to Great Britain—the task of examining, on behalf of the Non-Intervention Committee, British citizens who wish to go to Spain, and deciding who are *bona fide* visitors and who are volunteers. The French Government thereupon, acting upon the British Government's investigations, stop at the frontier those persons who have not satisfied the British Government that they have legitimate business in Spain, and whose passports are in consequence marked "not valid for Spain." It would be a grave wrong to the Spanish Government to prevent persons entering Spain whom the Spanish Government wish to receive and who have legitimate business to do there. The French Government have under their own laws only the right to stop persons who are potential volunteers. By marking Mr. Cockburn's passport "not valid for Spain," the British Government are asking the French Government under the Non-Intervention Agreement to prevent his entering Spain, not on the ground that he intends to fight as a volunteer—they were careful not to suggest this in the House—but on the ground that he has committed a criminal offence in England. This might indeed be a reason for depriving him of a passport altogether. It might be a reason for refusing him diplomatic protection in Spain. It

cannot justify the British Government requesting the French Government to prevent Mr. Cockburn entering Spain under the Non-Intervention Agreement.

It would clearly be a breach of the Non-Intervention Agreement were Great Britain to provide volunteers with passports marked "valid for Spain." It is as great a departure from the spirit of the Agreement if Great Britain does not conduct impartially the inquiries as to whether persons proceeding to Spain are volunteers or not, and thus imposes a blockade upon the Spanish Government by stopping under the Agreement persons who are not subject to it. BARRISTER

Correspondence

UNIVERSITY HOOLIGANISM

SIR,—It is rather strange that Sir Philip Magnus, who, in a paper that he read before the Jewish Historical Society only a few weeks ago, displayed the most profound interest in the fate of the long defunct colony of Chinese Jews at Kai-feng-fu, should wish to place a curb upon public sympathy for the Jewish students who are the victims of persecution at Universities in Central and Eastern Europe. Must these students also become defunct before they arouse his interest?

It is stranger still that Sir Philip, a member of the Joint Foreign Committee of the Jewish Board of Deputies and of the Anglo-Jewish Association, whose sole specific function consists in watching over the welfare of Jewish communities in foreign lands, should protest against a step intended to contribute towards the very object which that Committee subserves.

It is strangest of all that a reader of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION should express a standpoint that is such a deplorable departure from the honoured British tradition of active sympathy with the oppressed, no matter in what land they may be. One wonders whether Sir Philip Magnus also disapproves of the protests that have been made against the persecution of Jews and others in Nazi Germany, and whether he frowned upon the Archbishop of Canterbury's denunciation of the massacres at Addis Ababa.

The reason given by Sir Philip Magnus for wishing to restrain the expression of any humanitarian feeling on behalf of people outside this country is that Great Britain would have resented the expression of foreign opinion in regard to certain political and economic questions that were solely her concern. All the questions that he mentions have, indeed, been the subject of critical comment in the foreign press. But there is not the least analogy between them and the University hooliganism that I have pilloried. For the Jew-baiting at the Universities is race-hatred gone mad; it is a fundamental negation of the principles of humanity. It is all the more remarkable that Sir Philip Magnus should deprecate any sympathy with its victims, for had his ancestors migrated eastward instead of westward he would probably have had personal experience of the martyrdom towards which he affects such Olympian detachment.

But quite apart from the elementary considerations of common humanity, Great Britain has a special duty in this matter, for she was a sponsor of the Minorities Treaties signed by Poland, Rumania and Hungary (as well as other countries). According to these Treaties the signatory States undertook "to assure full and complete protection of life and liberty" to all their inhabitants, "without distinction of birth, nationality, language, race or religion," and also that their respective nationals "shall enjoy the same civil and political rights without distinction as to race, language, or religion." The discrimination and maltreatment to which the Jewish students are subjected at the Universities in the aforementioned countries constitute a gross violation of the Minorities Treaties, on account of which the League of Nations is entitled to take action. But as Poland has repudiated the right of the League to exercise any supervision over the practical application of the Treaty within her borders, and as the League has in any case proved impotent during the past sixteen years to effect any diminution of the scandal, probably the only agency that can be expected to bring about any improvement is the public opinion of the Western world. For all that is required is that the Anti-Semitic students should become decent members of civilised society. ISRAEL COHEN

DEMOCRACY AND THE MACHINERY OF GOVERNMENT

SIR,—Mr. Urwick's letter in your issue of March 20th raises a number of interesting points in connection with the *Report of the President's Committee on Administrative Management*. But I am still not sure that I was wrong about the Post Office. As I am abroad I cannot refer to the Bridgeman Committee's Report, but my recollection is first, that the committee commented adversely on the excessive concentration of authority which had grown up in the secretariat and in which the financial, engineering and other technological branches were not permitted to participate; and second, that the Committee expressly stated that the Director-General was to be no more than *primus inter pares* in relation to the other members of the new functional board.

My general feeling is that the President's Committee on Administrative Management did not sufficiently consider the merits of board or committee control over the principles of policy while leaving executive responsibility to a single chief official. The English Cabinet and the committee system in local government are in their respective spheres successful examples of the method; and so, too, is the board of directors of a well-run company. The idea has been applied with many variations to the independent public service boards such as the Central Electricity Board and the London Passenger Transport Board which have been set up in recent years. I do not desire to dogmatise. I quite agree that the subject requires adequate study; but I think that the President's Committee based some of its recommendations on certain assumptions which require considerable qualification before they can be accepted as valid for any country other than the United States, and especially for this country.

43 *bis* rue de Marché, Paris, Neuilly. WILLIAM A. ROBSON

THE ADDIS ABABA MASSACRE

SIR,—Joseph and Benjamin Martin, who have recently been executed in Addis Ababa, were members of The Student International Club. As students in this country, they won the affection and esteem of all the other members. They were not particularly interested in political questions, but were eager to devote their skill as engineers to the future of their country.

To kill such people is a strange way of bringing civilisation to Abyssinia. K. T. WITZ

The Student Movement House, 32 Russell Square, W.C.1. Warden.

"STORM CLOUDS ON THE DANUBE"

SIR,—Your Leader-note on the recent Hungarian "Putsch" in your issue of March 20th contains various inaccurate remarks.

(1) The best information shows that the Nazi agitation in Hungary is being conducted not against Italian influence, but against Legitimist tendencies in Austria—with or without Italy. And Gayda's articles have dissociated Italy from Legitimism. It would be a mistake to think that Austrian Legitimism is utterly and finally dependent on Italian approval. The Germans know this.

(2) The attitude of the Hungarian government over the "Putsch" (which did not come off) is not exactly "a factor in Germany's designs on Austria and Czechoslovakia." There is now a danger that German influence may find so fruitful a soil in post-Gömbös Hungary that Nazi designs will be concentrated on Hungary for its own sake. A Nazi Hungary might be more easily achieved than a coup in Austria or an attack on Czechoslovakia. And it would be an immense "score" for Germany, and an immense danger to Europe. In my opinion—in spite of the failure of the "Putsch," it is still a more or less immediate possibility. This is the significance of recent events; surely, a very high significance.

(3) There was no "conspiracy of silence" over the "Putsch." M. Darányi made an immediate statement in Parliament, and the international press has been full of it. The point is that nothing has been done. Nobody censured. No arrests made, so far as is known. Think if it had been a "Communist" plot!

(4) It is a little ridiculous to say that "Darányi's administration has definitely enrolled itself in the anti-Communist front"! No country has been more consistently nor violently anti-Communist than Hungary, ever since Bela Kun. What is significant—and what should be noted by British sympathisers with Hungary's cause—is that Hungary is now exploiting her minority

grievances in the cause of this so-called "anti-Communist," but actually "pro-Nazi Front." This is shown by the anti-Czech propaganda to which you refer.

(5) Count Bethlen's words about mapping out new frontiers "by violent means" appeared in a Budapest newspaper, and were merely reproduced in *The Hungarian Quarterly* in a long quotation from his article. Nor did he refer specifically to Germany and Italy. He wrote that Hungary must wait until "the Great Powers" took to violence. Personally, I can't think whom he can have been referring to.

ERIC SIEPMANN

Budapest.

MODERN SCHOOLS

SIR,—In an article entitled "The Proof of the Pudding" in last week's issue, a contributor attacks "modern" education. Like him I am not a teacher. My knowledge of educational methods is derived from books (scores), visiting schools (dozens), and from first-hand experience as the mother of school-age children. I think your contributor generalises dangerously, and I should like to comment.

(1) "Modern" schools vary widely, and one cannot discuss them in the mass as one could the older kind. I only know of two in which "the child is allowed to drop a study or a pursuit as soon as he begins to tire of it."

(2) "Modern" education is a process, not a system. The passion for that freedom which your contributor decries belongs more to the violent pendulum swing of ten or fifteen years ago than to the present. It has been much modified by empirical experience. ("W.L.S." is dealing perhaps with the products of the first fine careless rapture. The others have not emerged yet.) All but a very few of the modern schools now provide some framework for the child, finding that complete "freedom" is apt to be a strain upon him, particularly between the ages of seven and fourteen.

(3) As for concentration, I do not feel that my own formal education, which concluded with a University degree eighteen years ago, developed it much. Didn't they ring a bell every forty minutes or so in "W.L.S.'s" school? The best modern schools encourage concentration by *interest* and by a different attitude towards *school time-tables*. (I refer "W.L.S.," for instance, to the schools run on the lines advocated by the late Dr. Rudolf Steiner, where the main lesson lasts about two hours, and is devoted to *one* subject every morning for several weeks.)

(4) Does "W.L.S." really think that the average product of old-fashioned education is a successful human being? Or that the society he has produced in the last few centuries is a very desirable one? Shades of Blimp! Gad, sir! There was none of this nonsense about my education—and look at me!

(5) The essential difference between the new and the old is one of conception rather than of method. The old education had a mental picture-pattern of the "good" boy or girl, the "gentleman" or the "desirable citizen," and to this pattern it endeavoured earnestly and strenuously to mould all the variegated human material submitted to it. The new education starts not with the abstract pattern but with the actual human material. Some of its efforts may be misguided; many of them, to my mind, are far too materialistic, scientific, laboratory-ish. But the conception, I feel sure, is right. Only an education which begins from the child and not from the pattern can save the young from being crippled by the past, and allow them to bring new things into an ever-changing world.

> You may house their bodies but not their souls,
> For their souls dwell in the house of to-morrow, which you cannot visit, not even in your dreams.
> You may strive to be like them, but seek not to make them like you,
> For life goes not backward nor tarries with yesterday.

"W.L.S." may indeed find that these new children apply themselves less contentedly than did the pupils of Squeers to the vile monotonies of our modern business and industrial world. All the better. Perhaps they will one day do what must be done—fit the working conditions to human beings, instead of the human beings to the working conditions. How many thousands of men in their heart of hearts welcomed the last war as an escape from the deadly monotony of their daily lives?

The "new" education is still very new. Let it have as many centuries as the old has had (and with what results!)—and then judge it.

DORIS ESTCOURT

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DOCTORS—NEW AND OLD

SIR,—From Dr. Roberts's letter in your issue of March 20th I see I have not made my point clear. I did not intend to give the impression that I objected to his statement that "nearly all present day practice is based on empiricism," but I did, and still do, object to his failure to show the other side of the picture. The examples I gave of the frequent application of scientific discoveries to everyday practice are by no means negligible, and to add to them would be easy. If he wishes to give a true account of contemporary medical work, Dr. Roberts should in all fairness give due prominence to the very important advances which have been made, in addition to castigating us for our failure to extricate so large a proportion of our work from stagnation, or to apply "newly acquired knowledge to the solution of old and familiar problems."

Dr. Roberts is sceptical as to the numbers of general practitioners using para-amino benzine sulphonamide. I can only speak from my own experience, but can say that I have met a good many doctors who have eagerly discussed the reported efficacy of this drug, and have evidently been prepared to try it should a suitable case arise. Dr. Roberts accuses me of being "a little premature in accepting quite so uncritically the claims made," but I must refer him to the careful and critical report of the work done at Queen Charlotte's Hospital. The discoveries of scientists have to be tried out first in hospital wards to secure the requisite number of cases, but once a therapeutic measure has passed this test it is for general practitioners to make carefully judged use of the remedy. In the case of para-amino benzine sulphonamide this is being done, as it is in many other directions.

Indeed Dr. Roberts seems to want "to have it both ways," for in this article he chides our profession for their slow reponse to the physiological discoveries which have caused such fundamental changes in the basis of medicine, but in his letter he recants and shows himself in favour of "a certain time-lag between the discovery and the application of new laboratory knowledge."

A. E. BERYL HARDING

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TOWN AND COUNTRY

SIR,—The essential thing that Mr. Thomas Sharp wants (moderate-sized, compact, beautiful towns in close relation with unspoiled open country) is precisely what Ebenezer Howard wanted, and what the garden-city movement of to-day wants. As it is precisely what we are not getting, it would be a pity if Mr. Sharp forced a division among its advocates on the question of building density, which would easily settle itself if towns were not excessively large.

Having been closely associated with Howard in much of his work, I can assure Mr. Sharp that he hated the garden suburban sprawl as much as Mr. Sharp and I do. But to quarrel about what Howard meant is as futile as to quarrel about what Marx meant. It is more important to know what we ourselves mean. Howard was one of a long series of idealists who advocated towns neither too small nor too large; the ideal can be traced back through Buckingham, Owen, Fourier and many others, to More and even to Plato. Surely the difference between Howard and the numerous Victorian projectors of new towns is that, in a most unlikely time, and with all the sophisticated people sneering much as Mr. Sharp sneers to-day, he actually got two towns started on his model.

As to the house and garden, it is even to-day almost every Englishman's ideal; but it does not mean the de-urbanisation of the town. At Welwyn much study has been given to meet the architectural desideratum of the street without sacrificing the functional conditions. Sir Thomas More, in a passage which Mr. Sharp, in his book, quotes very selectively and misleadingly, sets out the solution that Welwyn has found occasionally possible, though it will not satisfy a majority of people. Incidentally, More, in this passage, confirms the permanence of the demand for the garden adjoining the house. Indeed, it is a necessity for family dwellings. Children, for mental as well as physical health, need to be able to move frequently from house to garden without the obstacle of stairs. The fact that London has spawned so many suburbs—that people will travel 20 miles daily in order to have houses with gardens, and that they will not consent to live in flats until such journeys become insufferable—confirms Sir Thomas More's judgment.

Yet Mr. Sharp, in a book called *The English Panorama*, only once mentioned the garden (and then only in the sense of the

aristocratic park), never mentioned the child at all, and only once mentioned Woman—in the guise of that forgotten creature the New Woman, whom he unjustly blames for the suburban villa and the garage. The family lives in the House, and not yet on the Street, and good architecture must start with the function and not with the façade.

F. J. OSBORN

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B.B.C. IMPARTIALITY

SIR,—I am surprised that you have made no comment on the storm that has been blowing against the B.B.C. from reactionary quarters for nearly three months now. When Sir John Reith stood up in the House of Commons the other day to answer his critics he said: "The B.B.C.'s main object was, above everything else, impartiality." The significance of that statement will be understood by anybody who has listened to broadcast news regularly over the last few months.

For its news from Spain the B.B.C. relies on agency reports. It had a staff reporter at Hendaye during the first week of the fighting, but he was called home. From the agency reports it selects an equal number of items for each side irrespective of their relative merits. I have lately been comparing the B.B.C. reports with the agency messages. Several times important items of Government news have been omitted and statements by General Queipo de Llano included in order to preserve the balance of "impartiality." Sometimes, but not often, this levelling up operates against the rebels, but the general effect of the process is to give an impression of deadlock.

On March 13th the Madrid Air Ministry report on the break-up of two Italian divisions on the North-East front was omitted. It was not until two days after this big rebel retreat that the B.B.C. cautiously mentioned a Reuter report about a "second Caporetto." At the same time the Exchange message that 4,000 people had been put to death in Malaga since Franco's occupation was omitted.

We now have Sir John Reith's imprimatur for such "impartiality." We are surely menaced by what Mr. E. M. Forster described as Fabio-Fascism in Paris nearly two years ago, when he said "we hear the whispering and cooing of the so-called 'news' every evening over the wireless, until opposition is tamed and gulled."

GEORGE AUDIT

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SIR HERBERT BARKER

SIR,—Let me begin by saying that I accept with pleasure and gratitude Sir Herbert Barker's offer, conveyed by Mr. Joad, to show me something of his work. If it interests anyone, I will let THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION know what happens about this.

As you say, I have raised this question of the publication of Sir Herbert's methods before, though it was not in a trade journal like the *Lancet*, but in a paper which I considered more suitable for a free fight of this kind, the *Times* of September, 1932. To my question about a text-book he then replied that he did not write one because such knowledge might be dangerous in the wrong hands. I pointed out that this applied equally to all surgical knowledge whatever, and asked whether the excellent works on manipulative surgery written before and after his time should all be suppressed. I really cannot take this objection seriously.

As to teaching in a clinic, he answered that his work had always been open to anyone who wanted to see it. Sir Robert Stanton Woods then wrote to say that he had several times asked permission to do this, with the promise that he would publish anything he learnt in the medical papers, giving full credit to Sir Herbert. He was refused, on one occasion with the remark, "If I show my methods to any surgeon who likes to come along, what is there to prevent his saying that my technique is his own?"

I observed that in Sir Herbert's autobiography there is no mention of clinical teaching nor of pupils. To this day I have not heard of anyone, lay or medical, to whom Sir Herbert has passed on the extremely interesting store of knowledge that came down to him through three generations of his family.

Mr. Joad does not understand what I am driving at. But in compensation I must admit that I do not understand him. I do not happen to belong to the surgical society before which Sir Herbert demonstrated. But does he mean that if I had been there I should have learnt everything I want to know by watching one treatment of a number of people, none of whom I had examined for myself, and none of whom I should without the greatest difficulty see again? If he translates the situation into a desire to acquire first knowledge and then skill at games or music, he may manage to grasp why I want first a text-book and second a spell of real teaching.

DENIS BROWNE

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ON SEEMING FUNNY

SIR,—"Y. Y's" article in your issue of March 13th seems to me to possess even more than usual of his lambent sense and wit. Surely one of the grimmer sides of everyday life in the year 1937 is that things and people not only *are* less funny, but are *allowed less and less* to be openly considered as funny. No one with any experience of life will take Mr. Orwell's outburst seriously, since that experience, even if only a slight one, shows immediately that "commonness" is not the prerogative of one class more than another. But, as an outburst, it is disastrously typical of to-day. The world as a whole (for better or for worse) is passing through a profound revolutionary period; and revolutions are unhumorous, being concerned with essential, but dreary, questions like daily bread and butter, social position, elementary justice and so on; this one has, furthermore, trespassed on the domain of decayed religion, and half its fury, being centred round myths (as Sorel preached and as Mussolini and others have practised), is the old fury of religious struggles. A sense of humour has therefore become a luxury as hated as a new Rolls-Royce; and not for nothing did Mr. W. J. Turner observe recently in your columns that even irony has become an indecency. As "Y. Y." suggests, people seem funny to each other because they are different from and strange to each other; and it is obvious that the influence of standardisation in all spheres and the levelling forces that are still everywhere at work will gradually iron out the comic from life altogether. There are really no class distinctions left, except those based on money; money is too important to most people to be considered humorous as a subject, and unfortunately the money-makers are usually pretty "tough babies," so that they take more ironing-out than the old social obstacles, and we thus arrive at an impasse that is inevitably a disagreeable one (though nothing like so disagreeable as the one we shall reach when even that is done away with). Once outside England things are even less funny, as everyone knows. How charming and how sensible were the days when an Italian was an opera singer, a beggar, an organ-grinder or a gondolier! When Frenchmen were *Boulevardiers*, ate frogs, wore *lavallières*, waved their hands about, and wrote revues! When Germans drank beer, shaved their heads, smoked meerschaum pipes, sang student choruses and were *echt-musikalisch* or *Wandervögel!* When Russians played eternal concertinas, drank vodka, wore emeralds, stayed up till five in the morning explaining their souls! All these essentially caricatured and agreeable figures have vanished, replaced by Uniform Man (in every sense of the word); if only one could think of him as a European! But he is that less than anything. With what joy, this winter, after some weeks of Rome, where no one smiles any longer (so busy are they cultivating imperial chins), did I not hear the porter of the Naples hotel suddenly let out a resounding "Ssanque di Madonna!" because a car was slow in moving away (and, of course, observing my delight, he took care never to do it again); with what joy did I listen to a Dominican friar informing me, in one of Naples' gloomiest and grandest churches, that the congregation, listening with apparent ecstasy to a great gesticulating white preacher in a theatrically lit pulpit, had come in "because it is raining hard, you know—"; and then he took me upstairs to show me the mummy of Angelino Ferruccio, Conte di Policas too, who had been strangled for indiscretion by one of the Aragonese kings, whose secretary he had been—"Look, you can still see the expression of agony on his face! and see how beautifully he is preserved!" and he prodded a yellow hand affectionately through the wire-netting that covered the open coffin. But, then, we all know what Naples is; and of course it is much more important to observe how beautifully the port and the Santa Lucia quarter have been tidied up.

Ah, Civilisation! I am sorry to be so frivolous. But then, I am sure to meet my fate; where is the firing squad?

Scarborough. DERWENT

LEON TROTSKY

SIR,—On April 7th the International Commission of Inquiry into the accusations brought against Leon Trotsky and Lyova Sedov Trotsky during the recent trials in Moscow assembles at Mexico City to hold preliminary hearings of evidence. It will reassemble at a later date in New York. The Commission is under the chairmanship of Professor John Dewey, the internationally known philosopher and educationalist.

The British Committee for the defence of Leon Trotsky desires to appeal once again to all those who are anxious that the present doubt and confusion regarding the Moscow trials should be once and for all cleared up, and to those who believe that the elementary safeguards of justice and truth should be preserved, to give their full support to this Commission. The reputation of its chairman is a guarantee that the Commission is an impartial and non-political body whose sole concern is to discover and make public the truth about the accusations against Trotsky and his son.

Leon Trotsky has publicly declared, in his speech at the New York Hippodrome, that he is prepared to abide absolutely by the decisions of the Commission, even to the extent of giving himself up to the Soviet authorities if the Commission finds him guilty of any part of the charges brought against him.

The British Committee, therefore, make the following requests:

(*a*) That any person who has first hand knowledge of the political activity, the whereabouts or the movements of Trotsky or his son, Sedov, during the last seven years, communicate this at once, by means of a legalised document, to the British Committee for transmission to the Commission of Inquiry;

(*b*) That donations be sent in at once to the British Committee in order to make possible the continuance of this very important work.

CHARLES SUMNER
Secretary.

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MR. SLUDGE, THE MEDIUM

SIR,—Is not Mr. Waller wrong in suggesting that Horne always found darkness necessary at a seance? The *Revue de Paris*, a few years ago, printed an account by the Princess Metternich, wife of the Austrian Ambassador to Napoleon III, in which she describes his first arrival at the Tuileries. According to her, he walked up a large hall lit down its centre by a row of great cut-glass chandeliers. As he walked beneath each one its hanging prisms swung into motion and tinkled together!

I do not suppose this really happened, but it was broad gaslight, and how did Horne persuade people that it did?

DAVID FREEMAN

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Miscellany

MARIA EDGEWORTH AND THE MOORES OF MOORE HALL

ALMOST exactly one hundred years ago, Maria Edgeworth made the acquaintance of Mr. and Mrs. George Moore, the grandfather and grandmother of the novelist George Moore. She was then approaching her seventieth year; her literary life lay behind her, but she was still an exceedingly active person. Owing to the embarrassments of her half-brother Lovell, which were due to his endeavours to run an Irish school on non-sectarian lines, she had become virtually the owner of the family home, Edgeworthstown in Co. Longford. There she lived, a small, short, spare lady, with frank and engaging manners, receiving distinguished guests from England and from America, reading and discussing every new book, effecting improvements on the estate, and keeping in an harmonious whole her stepbrothers and her stepsisters, all the children of all the wives of her late father, Richard Lovell Edgeworth, that genial eighteenth-century Radical, Irish landlord and natural philosopher, who had been the friend of Erasmus Darwin, of Watt, and of Rousseau.

Edgeworthstown was situated about a day's coaching from Moore Hall; and it is perhaps surprising that the two families had not come into contact with each other at an earlier date. George Moore was a highly cultivated man and an author, and authorship was rare among Miss Edgeworth's neighbours in the west of Ireland. He had written *Lives of Cardinal Alberoni* and the *Duke of Riferda*, *A History of the British Revolution*, a work on logic, and didactic novelettes, somewhat in the manner of Maria's own minor works. But his writings had never attracted attention, and he was an invalid and a recluse; moreover, the Moores were Catholics, the Edgeworths Protestants, and Catholic and Protestant families did not mix much, even when (as was here the case) the Catholic family showed distinctly latitudinarian leanings. In his youth in London, George Moore had been an esteemed member of the circle of Sir John Macintosh, the Whig philosopher; and it was after reading Sir John's memoirs and coming upon the appreciation of Moore which they contained, that Maria introduced herself to the owner of Moore Hall, and to his wife, who was a relative of Lord Sligo. "They are not," she wrote to a friend, "of the poet's race of Moores, but of more ancient and aristocratic lineage."*

Early in 1836 Mr. and Mrs. Moore were guests at Edgeworthstown, where Maria and her stepmother, a half-sister Honora, and an aged aunt received them most hospitably. Edgeworthstown House bore witness to the mechanical tastes and the improving mind of the late Richard Lovell; it was too full of complicated inventions, and guests did not care to turn the lock of their door for fear they would not be able to open it again: otherwise the house was as convenient and comfortable as Moore Hall itself. In September, Miss Edgeworth and her stepmother toured in Mayo and stopped for some days with the Moores in their Georgian mansion on the northern shore of Lough Carra. That beautiful "prospect" has been made familiar to lovers of literature all over the world by the autobiographical reveries of Mrs. George Moore's grandson. Maria did not describe "the long winding mere-like lake, wooded to its shores with hills appearing and disappearing into mists and distance"; what impressed her was the courtesy and scholarly refinement of her host. "We took care," she wrote in her letter of thanks to Mrs. Moore, "to tell our aunt on our return to Edgeworthstown of Mr. Moore's taking the trouble to return into the drawing-room that last night when he was so unwell, on purpose to give his message of remembrance to Mrs. Mary Sneyd."

The two families remained in contact with each other until Maria's death in 1848. Maria's letters to Moore Hall were not discovered by her biographers, and, in any case, they bear less upon her own life than on the lives of her new friends. For liberal-minded people at this time she was a recognised authority on education, and Mrs. Moore hastened to confide in her, her griefs and anxieties concerning her sons, George Henry and Augustus, both of whom had been brilliant schoolboys but were now running wild, like characters out of Lever's West of Ireland novels. Maria's letters to Moore Hall therefore consisted largely of advice and sympathy. She assured the anxious mother that the young men would not always prefer a racehorse to Pegasus, the *Racing Calendar* to transcendental mathematics.

In 1836, the elder son, George Henry, was travelling in the East in an endeavour to forget the bright eyes of a married woman of Bath; when he returned home he refused to cultivate his literary talent, and both he and his brother Augustus, a natural mathematical genius, gave themselves up to hunting, racing and extravagance. He was a most affectionate son, but he had inherited his mother's masterful personality and there were constant clashes. Three years later some financial transaction led to a fearful quarrel between the two brothers

* Thomas Moore was still living. He died in 1852, a few months before the birth of the novelist.

on the one side, and a racing squireen named O'Donnell on the other. O'Donnell was supported by the self-styled O'Gorman Mahon (who was recently seen in his old age on the boards of the New Theatre) and by all the swindlers' bravoes and twenty-tumbler men in Mayo. The affair received wide publicity, and, although his son was in the right, it was all very painful to the sensitive and gentlemanlike Mr. Moore, whose name was dragged into the controversy. In a letter of sympathy to Mrs. George Moore, Maria said:

> . . . Ladies are no judges of the rights and wrongs of dealings and bargains with horses. We can only hope that your son's appeal to the public will answer the purpose for which as you say he has exposed himself to all this turmoil. With the consciousness of so good a motive much may be endured by man and gentleman. . . .You must have suffered dreadful suspense during the whole of that long protracted correspondence about the duel . . . but time will cover it all over, and it will every day appear of less consequence and when some new object for either of your much beloved sons rises before you and that you see them on the high road to fame, literary or scientific, you will forget this little storm in a basin, *in a County Mayo slop basin.* . . .

Mr. George Moore was now putting the finishing touches to a new book, *A History of the French Revolution*. All his days were spent in the library which overlooked the lake. All the estate business was entrusted to his capable wife, who wished the Moores to have the reputation of model landlords and worked hard for the tenants' welfare. She sent distressing details of the behaviour of an agent to Maria, who replied:

> Forty guineas taken from those wretched tenants. It is beyond anything my wickedest imagination could have invented for a bad Irish agent (vide Jason Quirke in *Castle Rackrent*) and much affected I am at your never even alluding to *Castle Rackrent*. N.B.—There is a suspicion running through the house that you know nothing of Jason or *Castle Rackrent*.

That splendid extravaganza of Irish feudalism, *Castle Rackrent*, had been published in 1800. To Maria, the landlord system was not rooted in evil; and, although she had been brought up (and very successfully) by her father on the "system of Rousseau," she viewed with great dislike the democracy of O'Connell (for what was it in effect but a transference of influence from the landlord to the priest?).

Mr. George Moore died in 1841, and his widow set out for London in the hope of finding a publisher for *A History of the French Revolution*. Maria was also in England during this year, and she interviewed Lockhart and John Murray on Mrs. Moore's behalf. Murray advised that the seven great volumes of MS. should be read and collated by an experienced and clever man. "What would this cost?" asked the widow—"Five guineas perhaps?" Lockhart explained that Murray would never think of offering less than twenty guineas to a man of the education and talent who would be needed for such a task. The work was never published; the historian was deprived of that chance of "posthumous fame" which, as he said in the preface, "pleases us" because "we are so made that while we live we think with pleasure that we shall not be forgotten after death." Happily this is not the end of the story, for sixty years later the author of *Hail and Farewell* read the preface with admiration, and published it in the third volume of his triology with the comment: "Grandfather dreams and we hear his dream."

In 1842, both Mrs. Moore and Miss Edgeworth were back in their Irish homes. Mrs. Moore's two sons were still a worry. The elder refused to find a wife, and neither of them could keep away from the racecourse, George Henry being now one of the best gentleman riders in the British Isles. In despair for the literary tradition of the family, Mrs. Moore herself turned author, and anticipated her famous grandson by publishing a life of Christ. "Your book," Maria wrote to her, "will show from one of our well-informed, well-educated ladies of the higher class, that the reading of Scriptures without note or comment is approved by the Catholics, and this will be a most essential service in Ireland as the contrary belief has tended to keep Christians at variance with each other."

1844–5 found Maria again in London, where she met distinguished persons of every sort, all of whom, with the exception of Sydney Smith, talked with great fluency but deplorable ignorance of Irish affairs, which were now heading for the grim climax of the Famine: as if, she wrote to Mrs. Moore, landlords were absolute monsters and tenants absolute victims. There was now a hope that the young owner of Moore Hall would enter politics; and after his brother Augustus (who was evidently Maria's favourite) was killed in a riding accident at Liverpool, he seemed much more inclined to take an earnest view of life. But his language against England during the elections which followed Lord John Russell's resignation was so extreme that Maria felt bound to register a protest.

> July 30th, 1847. I think they (the Government) have meant well for Ireland and that there is no design to oppress or ruin this country. Except it be to ruin to get rid of the Irish landlords, Protestant landlords especially, about whom the English have been so woefully misinformed. Their eyes and ears must have been and will be opened on this point. The conduct of Irish proprietors during this crisis must convince the English, as it has convinced the Irish, of their goodwill by their good deeds.

Her comment on Smith O'Brien's rebellion befitted her father's daughter in its abstract rationalism. "The Government not having decided at once whether to execute or pardon takes from pardon its grace and from punishment its use. If these people had fools' caps on their heads and were made ridiculous they would have no followers." She loved Ireland, but with her training she could not understand the Nationalist passion.

The last letter of the series is dated May 31st, 1849, and in it Mrs. Edgeworth announces the death of her stepdaughter. Maria died on the 25th May, 1849, in her eighty-fourth year. Mrs. Moore survived her by eight or nine years. She continued at Moore Hall after her son's marriage in 1851, where she welcomed the arrival into the world of a grandson, George, and saw him grow into a little boy. One day she showed him a piece of toffee, which, however, she did not allow him to eat. He did not seem a particularly bright child, and she never guessed that in him her dream of literary fame for Moore Hall would be fulfilled.

J. M. HONE

SLAG

OUT of slag,
hewn inevitably from the coal-face with your coal,
conveyed back to the shaft down galleries where men stoop to walk
(bell rings to bell, gates clang, the cage seeks light,
five hundred yards in forty seconds, till gates clang),
out of slag,
sifted and separated and sorted at the pithead,
drawn up once more toward the mountain-top in drams and skips,
sifted again in cloud- and rain-swept places
(wind blows the dust to smart on eyes and blacken faces),
out of slag,
moving slowly upward again on its last journey
(the ballast-car runs downward, leaving solitary at the apex
a man, who shouts, expectant, leaning on the hurricane),
slag tipped suddenly, that rock and dirt swirl down to rest,

out of slag
still for those who come to pick it comes their coal.

They wait like an army without gas-masks for a gas-attack,
wait silently, taut to sway from boulders, puckering eyes,
leap as the barrage passes, opposite lines
fraternising for rich iotas, jots of heat.

These are the miners—who may not work the mines:
these stand on coal—who must buy coal to burn
or fight this war (legs broken, one a week):
these walk on wealth—who are too poor to live.

These end where the slag ends, on the tip.

DONALD ALEXANDER

PLAYS AND PICTURES

Picasso at Rosenberg and Helft's

When one becomes too disgusted with the age one lives in, when Hitler's face and the *Times* leader about religion and the Countesses advertising face-cream and General Franco's merry men make one long to live in another century, momentary consolation can be found in looking at the work of Picasso. He is the only man alive practising any of the arts who seems certainly comparable in stature with the greatest in the past. Of course, he reflects the disquietude and anguish of this period—his pictures do not provide a dream or an escape, they are often the fruit of a violent horror which they turn into something splendid. The exhibition at Messrs. Rosenberg and Helft's is incomparably the richest Picasso show to which London has yet been treated. Here are great canvases so overpowering in design, so drastic in colour, that they would be intolerable to live with. Here also are small pictures which excite extreme cupidity, and wash-drawings as romantic as anything in the Romantic Movement. Even these are not merely beautiful—their poetry is mysterious and alarming. Mangled by the ferocious machinery of Picasso's imagination, and recomposed in violently decorative patterns, the phenomenal world of naked women and bull-fights is metamorphosed into strongly contrasted pigments. In his earlier work, Picasso was primarily a draughtsman, economical in his use of colour. In these pictures, which date for the most part from the first years of this decade, he is rutilant. Sometimes it is the glass of Bourges, sometimes the most complicated products of the modern loom, which these pictures recall. Technically his use of paint is astonishing. But more than all his mastery and the almost truculent certainty of his execution, it is the passion exploding in these paintings which sets them above all other contemporary work. This is an exhibition to be visited several times: it inspires consternation and even awe.

"The Good Earth," Palace Theatre

The simplicity that characterised Miss Pearl Buck's novel is gone in this splendid setting of the changing seasons. And—though we must only whisper this—in two hours and three-quarters without an interval, this tale of peasent life loses a good deal of its entertainment value. For the acting there can be nothing but praise. Miss Rainer is well worth Hollywood's Motion Picture first prize and so is Mr. Muni; Miss Tilly Losch, though rather more out of focus, brings a languorous beauty to the part of the dancer. But it is the season's picture. The corn thrasher in a supernatural wind, the light casts superblack shadows and the locusts come over the hills like the blast of the next air-war. The result is superb photography and for this the film stands out; but we have seen good photography before and Miss Buck's story has become an "epic," which it never was. Only Miss Rainer preserves something of the natural quality of the children of the soil, and it is part of the merit of her performance that she subdues the vibrancy of her personality to the gentleness of O-lan. There are some particularly good scenes of rioting, and the countryside and buildings are the real thing, but it is a film that you only want to see once, and it might have been something to go to over and over again.

"The Taming of the Shrew," at the New Theatre

Mr. Claud Gurney's production of *The Taming of the Shrew* shows a violent ingenuity. He has learnt much from Mr. Cochran; there is also a touch of Hammersmith in its ebullient days. The speed, the light, the noise, the deployment of expensively coloured figures, the whisking about the stage of a bed with caryatids and some pretty dining-room furniture amuse the senses and sometimes divert the mind from the unfunny brutality of the play, which evokes not one natural smile. There are live greyhounds, a stuffed hawk, a pantomime horse and a sort of ballet. Miss Zinkeisen's quattrocento sets and dresses, by *Vogue* out of the Uffizi, ought to disappoint nobody. Nothing goes better in England than a play about baiting: given all this chicness and colour the evening is quite a riot. In the person of Christopher Sly, Mr. Arthur Sinclair brings to the New Theatre the cosmic nobility of the Abbey drunk. Mr. Banks—how much bored and how much at sea inwardly one will never know—sustains his Petruchio with a virtuosity for which he deserves praise: the unvariation of the character is desolating. Miss Evans is, above all, unhappily cast: her physical dignity, her irony, her maturity do not do well in knockabout. Her technique roves over the part; she cannot make it tragic, as it is, or funny, as it was meant to be. She can only go all out in the speech in the last act: some earlier scenes are so unbearably inappropriate as to make one shut one's eyes. Katherina should be played by a slight, tense, fiery-furious and almost incorporeal girl—or boy. The Christopher Sly frame sets—was meant to set—the play back one plane farther into unreality: to please, it must have the abstract flatness of a masque, the wish-fulfilment monotony of a dream. Even so, the breaking of anyone's spirit by a tough and a set of muffs is not a pretty theme. It could, of course, be given quite another rendering: it would be interesting to see this play performed in Moscow, with Katherina as the historic martyr of an extinct society. Meanwhile, the wrongheaded wild girl and her subjection are still big money to Hollywood and the home-page editor; rough-house courtships boom, and still have only one end. Katherina's final speech, the fruit of those empty platters, is reparaphrased, with no sting in the tail. Expediency dictates the policy of the weak sex; resentment is taught to run underground and man continues to be bolstered into position by woman's vicarious, oblique and sinister vanity. Everybody is pleased.

Jongkind at Tooths

It is no accident that the entrance room at Messrs. Tooths' gallery contains four or five delightful Boudins, for Boudin who was his friend and associate (and who has been for quite a time a best seller in the English market), is Jongkind's introduction to England. And if there were ever any need to draw a comparison between Dutch and French painting on purely nationalistic lines, these two artists would provide the right material. Where Boudin is all grace and clarity, Jongkind is sturdy and soft at the edges. Where Boudin is full of movement, Jongkind is immobile. Jongkind makes commonplace subjects pretty, Boudin makes pretty subjects commonplace. Jongkind's colour is less subtle than Boudin's, his little brig has luscious black spars and sails a cold green sea, the shadowy sides of his night scenes are full of browns and greys as ample as Christmas pudding. Above all, Jongkind, except in his sketches, is usually very, very dull. One or two landscapes here have that look of indeterminate boredom by which one recognises works attributed by antique dealers to the Barbizon school. We have seen several Jongkinds in the galleries lately, but now that a whole room of them can be seen, we hope the cat is out of the bag. He is a painter historically important, but it is preposterous to compare him with the great Impressionists.

"Swing High, Swing Low," at the Carlton

There is unfortunately no way of stopping a film half-way through and saying that you have heard it before. There is no chance of diverting the projector into another train of thought. Half-way through *Swing High, Swing Low* everyone knows what is going to happen and they only go wrong on one point—Carole Lombard does not have a baby. But Fred MacMurray behaves badly to her, makes her cry, then loses his job, takes to drink and grows several days of beard, and as things straighten out again the reflex action which causes one to stretch for a coat and hat under the seat is quite right. The extraordinary thing is that the first half-hour of the film is pure delight, as funny as can be, with Charles Butterworth in delightful form, and some very amusing dialogue. Mr. MacMurray's trumpeting is phenomenal, but even that rather palls after half-way.

THE COMING WEEK

SUNDAY, April 4th—
- S. K. Ratcliffe on "Stop Playing the Game!" Conway Hall, 11.
- Dr. Eltz on "Czecho-Slovakia To-day," Willoughby Hall, Hampstead, 8.
- Left Theatre Revue and "International Brigade Sketch." Phoenix Theatre, 8. Tickets 1s., on behalf of Spanish Medical Aid.
- "Peter Petrous," Arts.
- "The Case of Constance Kent," Savoy.

TUESDAY, April 6th—
- Robert Mayer Coronation Concert, Central Hall, 11.
- "Henry V," Old Vic.

WEDNESDAY, April 7th—
- "London After Dark," Apollo.
- "Anna Christie," Westminster.

THURSDAY, April 8th—
- Debate, Fabianism *v.* Communism, Ivor Thomas and John Strachey, Livingstone Hall, 8.
- First Meeting of Spain Week for East End Ambulance. Speakers: Charlotte Haldane, Sir Percy Harris, D. N. Pritt, Prof. Marrack, and others. York Hall, Bethnal Green, 8.
- "Thou Art the Man," Arts.
- "Climbing," Phoenix.
- "Crisis," Century.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

DOROTHY WORDSWORTH, in a hitherto unpublished letter, complains of Hazlitt's review of *The Excursion*.

> It is more a Criticism upon Country life and its effects than upon the poem, and amongst other evils he has the audacity to complain that there are no Courtesans to be found in the country. He makes another bold assertion that all people living in retirement hate each other.

We may doubt whether he had laid his finger upon the exact form of spiritual starvation which was a contributing cause of the slow ossification and petrifaction of Wordsworth's genius. Thanks to Dr. Ernest de Selincourt we can judge of the matter better than Hazlitt. In his two editions of *The Prelude*, which enable comparison to be made between the text of the MS. of 1805 and the poem as published in 1850, we can estimate the nature of the hardening itself, and now in the magnificent edition of *The Letters of William and Dorothy Wordsworth; The Middle Years* (Oxford, 2 vols, 42*s*.), of which something between a third and a half are now published for the first time, he enables us to trace in detail how the process took place. The subject sounds pathological and depressing, yet reading the letters does not engender a melancholy mood, because they are a wonderful revelation of character and because Dorothy Wordsworth was one of the great letter-writers of the world with an astonishing power of pouring herself out to Catharine Clarkson, the wife of the anti-slave trade Quaker, and to Jane Marshall. We hear from her every detail of all their lives. It is worth recalling De Quincey's portrait of Dorothy: "wild and startling eyes—a face of determinate gipsy tan," and:

> Her manner was warm and even ardent; her sensibility seemed constitutionally deep; and some subtle fire of impassioned intellect apparently burned within her, which, being alternately pushed forward into a conspicuous expression of the irrepressible instincts of her temperament, and then immediately checked in obedience to the decorum of her sex and age, and her maidenly condition, gave to her whole demeanour, and to her conversation, an air of embarrassment, and even of self-conflict, that was almost distressing to witness.

To this shyness and wildness must be added her occasionally violent stammer—to make her, we may guess, far more communicative when she took up the pen than at any other time. It would be interesting to know how many of the best letter-writers have stammered or been painfully shy. Since Dorothy was by no means an egotist, we feel, when she is writing, that she is speaking for William as well as for herself—and often for the children and Mary too. Indeed, one is disposed to judge William from Dorothy's letters rather than from his own, which only occasionally do him justice—when he is speaking of things and places and not of people. He is at his best with Lady Beaumont. A correspondence with Wordsworth would always have been felt to be an honour.

> I have received a very obliging letter from Mr. Price, who seems very much pleased with what I said upon the Sublime.

Who would have dared to be dissatisfied?

* * *

It is not that Wordsworth is deficient in humour; he can laugh at himself as in the passage in which he describes himself as sitting in his summer-house "calling some lofty notes out of my harp, chaunting of Shepherds and Solitude, etc.," when he heard two exquisitely effeminate male voices addressing a lap-dog in French. In the same letter Wordsworth speaks of *The Recluse*, saying:

> Should Coleridge return so that I might have some conversation with him upon the subject, I should go on swimmingly.

If only the letter had been addressed to Coleridge himself! Then perhaps the lives of both poets might have been happier and more fruitful. The first of these two volumes covers the period of Coleridge's return from Malta. His health was undermined and he was acutely aware of his inadequacy to deal with any of the problems which beset him. The only thing which might have saved him was the warm love which Dorothy and William bore him, and that William should have made him feel that his society was an intellectual necessity to him. Instead of which a chilling tone of moral exhortation was adopted. Wordsworth greets Coleridge with:

> We are much disappointed in not hearing from you according to our Calculations. . . . This is absolutely necessary, either that you should decide upon something immediately to be done, or that Mrs. Coleridge should be furnished with some reason for your not coming down as her present uncertainty and suspense is intolerable. This applies in a less degree to your friends and acquaintances.

What folly to tell Coleridge what he knew already. Volume I of these two volumes contains the story of the estrangement with Coleridge—which it must be said was due very largely to Wordsworth's incapacity to express his real deep feelings. He and Dorothy would walk two miles through the mire on a dark night on the off-chance of finding a letter from Coleridge, and when at last, just before Christmas, he arrived at Coleorton, where the Wordsworths were wintering on Sir George Beaumont's estate, Dorothy writes:

> I think I was never more happy in my life than when we had him an hour by the fireside; for his looks were much more like his own old self.

Alas! Nobody is ever his own old self. Two months later Coleridge was still there and had determined to make his home with them, and the question was to find a suitable house. A fortnight later Wordsworth told Scott that Coleridge talked of leaving, "but is of a procrastinating habit"—and in July we hear in a new letter from Dorothy of money bothers.

> We are sorry to be obliged to draw on you again. Coleridge has disappointed us, having occasion himself for the draft of 50*£* which I mentioned to you.

But by then all was really over. William could not put up with the intolerable practical nuisance of having Coleridge in the house. He simply had not the patience and the sympathy.

* * *

The inevitable estrangement from Coleridge was Wordsworth's greatest spiritual disaster, but the petrifaction was helped on by many other causes which are recounted in Dorothy's letters, while their effects are illustrated in his own. There were the financial worries which paralyse so many writers—and, more important, there are continual illnesses culminating in the deaths of his children Catharine and Thomas in 1812. Disasters numb and chill the spirit, and Wordsworth withdrew into himself; his powers of sympathy contracted. As the years go by we find him writing with almost unbalanced bitterness about hostile reviews which he keeps up a pretence of not having read himself. Even Dorothy grows worldly on his behalf. The contraction of Wordsworth's sympathies is well shown in two passages from a letter to his brother Christopher, the Dean of Bocking, in which he complains of not having received an appreciation of *The Excursion*.

> I should have been sorry had you not been pleased with it; sorry both as a Poet and an Englishman. . . . Yesterday I had a letter from Sir George Beaumont in which he says the Bishop of London is enchanted with *The Excursion*, and indeed I hear but one opinion on the subject.

Then he refers to the marriage of their brother Richard.

> I saw Richard and his Bride at Sockbridge; he was pretty well and she is a very decent and comely person, but he has done a foolish thing in marrying one so young; not to speak of the disgrace of forming such a connection with a servant, and that, one of his own.

By 1820 we find him writing from France in a letter to Lord Lonsdale of his horror of seeing a young man and woman harnessed to a harrow and dragging it like cattle, because it was *on the Sabbath*, while at the *Jardin des Plantes* he was almost moved to tears of admiration at the boundless exhibition of the wonders of Creation. I look forward to the last instalment of the *Wordsworth Correspondence* with dread as well as eagerness.

DAVID GARNETT

ENCHANTING VICTORIANS

The Amberley Papers. Edited by BERTRAND and PATRICIA RUSSELL. *Hogarth Press.* Two vols 42s.

Here is a new classic—the best book of its sort since the *Private Correspondence of Lord Granville Leveson-Gower*. If you like social history, this is an unsurpassed picture of cultivated English life in the Sixties: if you like character, here is one of the most fascinating of Victorian women. The book has over eleven hundred pages, yet it is as it were only the surviving fragment of a much larger work, and the reader has to bridge the gaps as best he can with his own imagination. The Great Novelist in whose interminable masterpiece the hopes and disappointments of each one of us are entertaining incidents, our characters provide comic relief, and our sudden, incomprehensible disasters form necessary parts of the nice artistic pattern, is supremely an ironist. And the tattered scraps of one chapter, here surprisingly preserved, show His customary, not to say exaggerated, dislike for happy endings. Is it not wanton prodigality in an artist to polish off so prematurely one of his happiest inventions?

Kate Stanley is introduced to us, a little girl in a large family, reading *The Castle of Otranto* on the way to the Naval Review and enjoying hunting more than parties. At sixteen she is taken to Thackeray's lecture on George III. "It reminded one of Racine and Boileau going to read their poetry to a select and fashionable society. Thackeray's daughters would not come, as they say they don't like hearing their father lecture, they think it infradigue." Her reading is strictly supervised. She is not allowed to read Jowett or further than the middle of the second volume of *The Mill on the Floss*. When she is eighteen we begin to fall in love with her. Here she is at that age, writing in October, 1860:

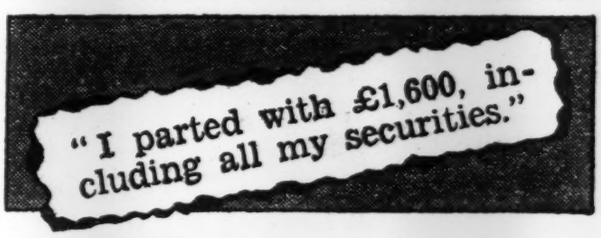
> Poor Miss White spoke of Amergau the other day and got dreadfully excited over it & said she thought much less well of anyone who went there knowing what it was I am afraid I made her very uncomfortable about the state of my mind she thinks me so lax & cannot bear to hear me speak of any serious subject.
>
> I do not like being here alone & yet I do not mind it so much· I am afraid it is selfish it is because no one finds fault with me. I should learn to bear reproof better—if I was more humble I should—
>
> My cockatoo is blinking my dog snoring the fire crackling & the gong sounding for tea. I must go—I am too happy now I fear to last so for many years. Sorrow always comes some time—

How intelligent and spirited she is! "Do they think that religion shows itself in caring for what is most commonplace it seems so. Certainly one's whole education is a state of repression of all strong feelings and wishes." And when Lord Derby has entertained 1,200 volunteers at Knowsley, "I am so tired," she writes, "of the mutton-pies the volunteers had—it is mentioned in every paper." But there are consolations, like riding "with Lady W. Powlete she is sixty-nine but still rides wonderfully and canters like fun; she was very wicked Papa says when she was young and peculiar too as she once had a cast done of her legs." And she can write what she likes to her clever brother Lyulph at Balliol. When she hears Jowett is coming to stay for the New Year, she wants to make slippers for him, but they "would take me too long, though he has such a nice little foot." On the 29th, however, she reports that he is "pleased with the slippers which he would always quote when he was accused of heresy as it was generally a great proof of orthodoxy to have slippers worked for one."

Meanwhile, Johnnie Russell, the son of Lord John, born in the same year as Kate, was being educated at Harrow and Cambridge, a very serious and pious young man. He fell in love with an Irish boy at Harrow, and they read together *Eric or Little by Little*, and prayed together, and Johnnie was very jealous. And a little later he liked kissing Miss Janet Chambers, and again it was all very high-minded and they talked seriously, and eventually she died. Johnnie (Lord Amberley, now that his father had taken an Earldom) met Kate in 1863; she came to stay, and he found her "wonderfully intellectual." She lost a bracelet in the garden and "we went about partly searching and partly conversing. She showed some interest in Greg's *Creed of Christendom*, when I mentioned it, though I told her I thought it would not be allowed that she should read it. We played at croquet after breakfast till nearly one." In fact, they were perfectly suited for one another, both wonderfully intellectual, and she with the high spirits which he lacked, and they fell in love, and after six months' separation, insisted upon by his mother, they married and lived in ideal happiness. The honeymoon was spent at Woburn, lent them by "the Duke"—who only appears either to pay election expenses or to lend his house for such occasions. We have lost our hearts to Kate, and are not sure at first that Amberley is good enough for her. He is shadowy, and sometimes seems rather a stick, but if you knew him intimately, he was obviously a pet, and Kate remained in love with him till her death.

The two young things encouraged one another in political radicalism and religious scepticism. They attended every sort of religious service, Catholic, Quaker, Irvingite, Unitarian, Swedenborgian, Mormon and Jewish. They went to America, they made friends with Mill and the Grotes. They did not hunt or shoot, and became increasingly suspect in their own world. Nothing was too bad to say of a pair with such shocking opinions. Kate said that class against class was better than class over class, and when Amberley fought an election in South Devon some remarks about preventing large families which he had made at a private meeting of the Dialectical Society were used very effectively against him. Kate was an enthusiast for female education, but Miss Davies refused to have her on the Committee for founding Girton—her name was too dangerous. Undismayed, she gave a public lecture in favour of Woman Suffrage, and was consequently very much ridiculed by *The Times*. Worse still, when Lord and Lady Russell took her to tea with Queen Mary's parents, the Duchess of Cambridge said: "I know you, you are the daughter-in-law but now I hear you only like dirty people and dirty Americans. All London is full of it; all the clubs are talking of it. I must look at yr. petticoats to see if they are dirty," upon which her mother was properly indignant: "I never heard anything more grossly ill-bred than the Dss. of Cambridge's manners but she was always *mal élevée*"—and Amberley remembered his Russell ancestry: "The Duchess of Cambridge's insolence is surprising. If this sort of royal canaille cannot learn to keep their places I should simply refuse to meet them in society."

Amberley sometimes reminds one of the Prince Consort: "Strange is it," he writes of himself, "that one should be so fortunate in love, winning a jewel which he can wear all his life, while others as good and pure as he are left out in comfortless



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and melancholy single life." He reads Marcus Aurelius, of course, and composes elaborate prayers to the "Infinite and Mysterious Power" in Whom, or Which, he faintly believes. But there is never a hint of disapproval of his charmingly impetuous wife. His health was not very good, and though he fought a very rough election with success, Kate was no doubt right when she wrote, "I fear he will never shine in Politics, he wants readiness and adaptability to people & circumstances." Her journal has one specially amusing picture of him:

> Our wedding day. . . . In the evg. Mary Stevens (the housemaid) is so ill with pain in her face that I suggested A shd mesmerize her though he has never tried anyone before so she came into the study at 8.30 p.m. & sat in an arm chair & in 2 minutes (A making passes) she was fast asleep, we moved her on to the sofa & there she slept till 6 next mg. & woke up quite free from pain and feeling quite well & rested, she had had the pain 9 days—nearly constantly. It was very interesting as before we did not know that A had the power & it was done so quickly.

There are many enchanting glimpses of eminent Victorians: Burton quarrelling with his wife about mesmerism; Panizzi explaining that the decline in wit was due to the decline in drinking—"Sheridan was never witty till he was drunk"; John Bright making the House of Commons laugh for three minutes by mispronouncing "Pytchley"; Mr. Gladstone trying to learn to sleep in the House, and being annoyed by people behind putting their feet on the bench, which shook it; Mrs. Francis Newman jumping out of a window to avoid meeting Martineau; Jowett sitting down and putting his little hands on his knees and sitting silently looking into the fire; Jowett urging the unconventional pair never to go against the world unnecessarily—"I may change," comments Kate, "but now I feel a strong inclination to go against the world"; and Mill supporting her: "It is much better to establish a character for strangeness, there is nothing like it, then one can do what one likes." Mrs. Grote confides that her aged husband had been in love with a girl, and that two old men had had passions for her; Trollope's loud voice drowns Huxley's pleasant quiet voice, which is certainly better worth hearing; George Eliot's face is "repulsively ugly fr. the immense size of the chin, but when she smiles, it lights up amazingly and she looks both good and loving and gentle." Mill reads Shelley's *Ode to Liberty* "rocking backwards and forwards and nearly choking with emotion." Mrs. Carlyle writes that her maid has "been making—a *Baby*—the *treachery*!" Carlyle abuses everything and everyone. "He said he did not know one good man in all England & that he thought we were going down into a state of destruction very rapidly. . . . Mrs. Carlyle sat patiently by & when asked if it was always the same she said 'Always' with a sigh."

Then there are the relations, always ready in the nineteenth century with impertinent advice and disapproval. Kate's brother becomes a Mohammedan, and when he succeeds his father explains that the Koran gives full directions as to how to manage a property. Simultaneously he reveals the fact that he has been married for years to a Spanish lady, a Catholic, too, and of most dubious respectability. His mother refuses to receive her: Kate writes: "My first thought was that the grief was diminished to a certain extent from the feeling that He would never know it:" she goes to see her sister-in-law, and notes that she sits in bed in the morning till one. There is Kate's sister Rosamund, who became Lady Carlisle, and destroyed all the wine in the cellars of Naworth and Castle Howard; there is her brother Algernon, who became first a Ritualist, and then a Monsignor. Best of all there is her godmother, Aunt Louisa, who can be trusted to write a letter of proper disapproval whenever Kate or Amberley disgrace themselves by Radicalism, feminism, or similar nonsense: "I have been terribly ashamed of my God-daughter & think it is a great pity she was not born an American without either noble name or rank, a simple Kitty Hopkins—I wonder you do not go & settle in America their ways wd. suit you far better, I do not suppose you find many English women who will help you in crying out for their rights. . . ."

We watch Kate and her husband with increasing amusement as their eldest son proves so unlike his estimable parents, with increasing affection as their cult of reason leads them further and further from the opinions appropriate to their exalted station. Then suddenly comes the catastrophe. Kate and her daughter die in 1874, Amberley eighteen months later; and naughty Frank and good little Bertie are left to their ageing and fussy grandmother. To our eyes this end is inartistically abrupt, but probably it would be justified by the next chapter, if one could read it. And so we are left impatient to continue our incomparable novel, with a description of two small boys developing their rebellious intelligence in the gentle, deprecating, muffled atmosphere of Lady Russell's home in Richmond Park.

Admirably edited with brilliant introductory chapters on the Stanleys and Russells, these two volumes are delightful and rich beyond my powers of description, and are already part of the necessary furniture of every English country house.

RAYMOND MORTIMER

Imagine Malgudi

. . . hot, dusty and colourful, its busy life baked daily to a standstill by the midday sun. . . . Indian small town and scene of the new novel by R. K. Narayan, *The Bachelor of Arts*, which matches *A Passage to India* and *Hindu Holiday* in its accurate portrayal of the present-day Indian scene and character. A great feat this novel, written in English by an Indian—its humour, pathos and candour are being praised everywhere. E. M. Forster, Phyllis Bentley, Wilfrid Gibson, and Graham Greene (who contributes an Introduction) are some of those who have found it good. Mr. Forster writes, "I thought it a charming, unusual and amusing piece of work." Obviously a book not to be missed by those who have ever travelled in India with their eyes open.

The Bachelor of Arts, by R. K. Narayan, is at all libraries and bookshops. 7/6 *net.*

NELSON

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NEW NOVELS

Dead Man Leading. By V. S. PRITCHETT. *Chatto and Windus.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Madame Flowery Sentiment. By ALBERT GERVAIS. Translated by CAMPBELL DIXON. *Hamish Hamilton.* 6*s.*

The Paradoxes of Mr. Pond. By G. K. CHESTERTON. *Cassell.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

A Trojan Ending. By LAURA RIDING. *Seizin Constable.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Maiden Castle. By JOHN COWPER POWYS. *Cassell.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Lord Emsworth and Others. By P. G. WODEHOUSE. *Herbert Jenkins.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

It is an odd experience to spend a long week-end in the almost continuous consumption of fiction. You retire into a tower (but not an ivory tower these days) and surround yourself with shadowy people who are always doing the most unlikely things in the most extraordinary way and for the most complicated reasons. In modern fiction people never go to Paddington simply because their train starts there; or walk in the Park thinking just what a jolly day it is and, by Jove, if they don't hurry they'll be late for lunch; or wonder whether to give up their job and take on another with less pay but brighter prospects: in fact, no one behaves in the way that we all behave most of the time. Not a bit of it: they say, "You here!"; they "turn on their heel" when they leave the room; they answer the telephone, their heads spinning in a reminiscent thought-stream so complex that it is no wonder the caller's voice "sounds distant and unreal over the wire." In

the sacred name of psycho-analysis motives and characters are split up and watered down until neither the one nor the other has any distinguishing outline left. From the tower of fiction few windows any longer give on to the humdrum but always exciting landscape of ordinary life, and it is with a stuffy feeling in our heads that we come down to tea. The atmosphere clears at once: somebody has been to the races, the cook has given notice, Uncle Tom can't make that farm pay in Co. Wicklow; the blessed touch of reality is there, as genuine as the crab-apple jelly on the table. Brushing the crumbs off with a sigh, we retire again to our tower, content if a window flies open and shows us a view—not a country to live in like Proust's Paris, but a view which shall interest and satisfy until it fades and makes way for the next.

This week it is really not at all bad in the tower. Against long spells of total darkness (Mr. Powys) and dim artificial light (Miss Riding) must be set two glimpses of territory at once fantastic and familiar (Messrs. Chesterton and Wodehouse) and two excellent views into unknown country (M. Gervais and Mr. Pritchett, the latter so brilliant that it is almost a world). *Dead Man Leading* is a most distinguished piece of work. It explores the psychology of explorers and describes the Brazilian jungle more vividly than any real explorer could. I have never been within a thousand miles of the Matto Grosso (nor perhaps has Mr. Pritchett), and I suppose one ought to ask Mr. Fleming or someone like that whether this account is true. But I am content to observe that it *rings* true, with a truth so essential that all the time we feel: "Yes, that is what it must be like to be in the Brazilian hinterland, to go mad and almost die of thirst, to experience a tropical storm."

> Presently the farther fields of the silence were frayed away by a murmur like the sound of the sea, the murmur grew into a far-off seething which came forward in invisible leaps, and breezes shot out ahead of it, turning up the startling undersides of the leaves. And on the heels of the small breezes came the force of the wind, full, warm and powerful. Restraint broke. A howl came out of the air and the trees bent over. They seemed to run before the wind, bowed double and streaming. . . . For tens of miles the forest leaned to the storm, the tall palms blowing like feathers in a hat and the whole scene like the flight of a mob.

That is certainly a very fine view, and his people are no less vivid. In an uncrowded canvas there is room for all those personal relationships which never transpire in the official records. The expedition consists of three members, all connected with a single Englishwoman at home, one her step-father, two her lovers; and here, perhaps, we are conscious that the artistic simplification is a little too complete for comfort. Harry Johnson is the son of a missionary who seventeen years before disappeared (like Col. Fawcett) into the jungle. The expedition is not supposed to be searching for the almost certainly dead man; but during its course Harry strikes off on his own in crazy pursuit of his father's tracks—a quest which is for him a sort of atonement for his sense of guilt over his relationship with Lucy. Her step-father, the actual leader of the party, is accidentally killed, and the brilliant, nervous Phillips follows in protest the silent, efficient, self-torturing Johnson, the natural leader whom he envies, loves and hates. "The weakness of Phillips was that he thought it sufficient to show people the self-destructiveness of their ways by awakening their reason and that this would cure them. His absurdity and his intolerance sprang from the delusion that he was disinterested." This is a very subtle portrait; and the book reaches a climax both powerful and exciting, the memory of which will persist while many others fade.

Madame Flowery Sentiment suffers under the two-fold disadvantage of a particularly repulsive jacket and a title which will put off all the people who would enjoy it while attracting a cheap library public for whose taste it will be far too delicate. The author is a French doctor formerly stationed in a remote town in the province of Szechuan; he sets before us with precision and restraint the people, customs and landscape of provincial un-Westernised China. It is a most sympathetic picture, though M. Gervais confesses himself baffled in the last resort by the Chinese disinclination to probe into what we call realities, their enormous satisfaction with the world of appearances, formality and "face." Madame Flowery Sentiment herself is a charming, evasive creature, no prostitute but a respectable deserted wife, who clearly loves the foreign doctor to whom she gives herself and weeps desperately when the time comes to part; but she proves to have removed her make-up in advance so that the anticipated grief shall not spoil her beauty. There is a good description of travelling along the Great East Road, and much delightful conversation of the deprecatory Chinese sort. How agreeable to be invited to dinner with the words: "It is certain that you will pass a very unpleasant evening"; and then to find that, in accordance with local custom, the dinner will take place at your own house.

Of G. K. Chesterton's last book no more need be said than that Mr. Pond is a lay version of Father Brown, a Government official prone to dropping into his conversation startling phrases like: "The Government had to consider the deporting of a desirable alien." His listeners suggest that he means "undesirable," Mr. Pond protests that he doesn't, and an explanatory story follows, full of the usual quip and fantasy. They are not so good as the best of Father Brown, but they are not bad.

Miss Laura Riding has a strange theory which she propounds in the Preface to *A Trojan Ending*. The present age is intensely alive, but the past is repulsively old and dead—until, in search of living history, we come back to Troy. "That was serious; this is serious. The rest—the slow adolescent intervals—was elaborately insincere." It seems to me an agreeable fancy to play with at a lunch-party; but Miss Riding is desperately in earnest, and has got up—in a year, it seems—all the scholastic and geographical background (Schliemann and Dörpfeld, Walter Leaf and Lord Raglan) before beginning an enormously long novel intended to bring the whole story to life—as though, with Homer in our hands, that were necessary. It is untiring, pointless, and wildly boring: all the outlying legends are dragged in willy-nilly, so that at times we seem to be reading endless synopses of Racine plays or Gluck operas. But most of the book is devoted to conversation, modern in outlook and mental background as well as in idiom. Here is Paris extracting from Helen the story of Castor and Pollux:

> "I can never get it into my head that Castor and Pollux were brothers of yours. Their names have such a legendary ring—one can't quite believe in them as real people. . . . But they must have been a queer pair, all the same. Had a mysterious sort of death, didn't they? You've never told me much about it."

Well, read it if you like. I don't care. There's a map too.

Nor do I care if you read Mr. Powys's new book. I suppose some will, without being paid to do it. I do not expect to be believed if I outline the story of *Maiden Castle*, it is so like a

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parody of Powys. Through a confused welter of Glastonbury gloom trudges a monstrous procession of impossible people whose names are seven cacophonies. The hero is called Dud No-man (he actually signs that on his cheques) because his parentage is uncertain; since the parent, when discovered, proves to be Enoch Quirm, he is not much better off then. About these names jokes are made in the style of the Aldwych farces: "No-man is my name and my business is No-man's business." "Did you say 'Quirm' or 'Squirm'?" On page 78 Dud says: "Don't 'ee mind too much." On page 79: "I don't think that *that* gentleman's prognostications need worry us." He falls in love with a hideous circus girl called Wizzie Ravelston, principally because of "that blurred stain below her knee, that stain which resembled a bungled outline of the figure 8." There is also Teucer Wye, an elderly Platonist who always goes about with a *Phaedrus* and a *Timaeus* in his right- and left-hand pockets respectively. As he never talks about anything else but Plato, and that in a muddled, Powys-y kind of way, his elder daughter Jenny (known as "Horse-head") gets the idea that real love should be pure and unfleshly, and so drives a husband and a lover to distraction. There is a strong scene at the end when the Platonist denounces his daughter's cold behaviour, and to prove that he is in earnest flings both *Timaeus* and *Phaedrus* into the stove and "clamps the kettle over the opening" to make sure. "There was a deep hush in that kitchen then"; and no wonder, for even Hedda Gabler never thought of the kettle. The pretentious, the absurd, the phantasmagoric and the squalid are piled layer upon layer throughout the book until at last we shut it with an angry bang. Dud No-man? Enoch Quirm? No, no, no! Slam the back door on those crazy and smelly old tramps, and come out to meet Mr. Wodehouse and Lord Emsworth on the lawn.

Ah, how closely shaven is the turf! How nimbly and sweetly the air recommends itself unto our gentle senses! Of course, it is Blandings Castle:

> The sun shone down from a sky of cornflower blue, and what one would really like would be to describe in leisurely detail the ancient battlements, the smooth green lawns, the rolling parkland, the majestic trees, the well-bred bees and the gentlemanly birds on which it shone.

Well-bred bees and gentlemanly birds. I feel better already. Thank you, Mr. Wodehouse, thank you. Two more pages of this, and I'll be quite myself again.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

JOHN SELL COTMAN

The Life of John Sell Cotman. By SYDNEY D. KITSON. *Faber.* 25*s.*

Cotman never had a big reputation in his lifetime; immediately after his death his name was in such an eclipse that his drawings had to be auctioned in bulk, to raise a meagre sum for his family. Since his death there has been a steady increase in his reputation, indicated by such landmarks as the Norwich Exhibition of 1888, the Laurence Binyon monographs, the forming of such collections as the Reeve and the Colman, and the publication of this book by Mr. Kitson, perhaps the chief Cotman expert in this country. Mr. Kitson makes it clear why Cotman never acquired, in his lifetime, the fame which his ability deserved. He would never completely submit to the demands of the contemporary public. He was always, as one of his correspondents puts it, "skirting off for things much more to his taste." For it is not those mechanically yet always artistically executed topographical and architectural drawings, in the production of which Turner and Girtin served their apprenticeship and Cotman dissipated his mature powers, that place him in the forefront of English water-colour painters. By such he in his prime, and Turner in his youth, had to keep themselves. But it is those neat, simple, radiant sketches, so attractive with their plane washes of rich browns, blues, greens, and their atmosphere of timeless tranquillity—sketches of fields and ruined houses, woods and ships and spreading landscapes, which he chiefly painted to satisfy his own delighted apprehension of their beauty—which have gained him the expanding reputation he now enjoys.

It is sometimes claimed that Cotman limped into fame as a result of the greater attention which has been paid, since his death, to the practice of Oriental painters; and critics point to the smooth broad washes of deep colour by which he reduces to a pattern of planes any kind of volume, from a curved tree trunk or the swell of a mountain-side, to the human form. Certainly there is something akin to the productions of Chinese painters in such water-colours as "The Drop Gate," or "Chirk Aqueduct." But the claim does Cotman an injustice; and if the works by which he was represented at the Burlington House exhibition in 1934 have not removed the notion, Mr. Kitson's well illustrated book will do so. For Cotman never stood still. The 156 photographs here reproduced show a constantly developing vision and technique.

This should become the standard biography of Cotman. It is long, but if you examine any chapter of it, you cannot lay your finger on any superfluities. It is long because Mr. Kitson has attempted to provide at once an account of Cotman's life and character and a running commentary on his vast *œuvre*. It is lucidly written, and in spite of its length one is never bored either by ill-considered ecstasies on old favourites or merely dull recitations of Cotman's washing bills or the way in which he liked his egg to be boiled. He is a difficult subject for a biographer. From what details we know about his life we obtain an impression of a neurotic, fumbling his way querulously and indecisively. Indeed "it is strange," Mr. Kitson comments, "that Cotman's style—firm, deliberate, and slow in movement—should be the outcome of so volatile a nature, and that his drawings, so unmistakably personal in tone, should be the work of one who was susceptible to every influence with which he was brought in contact." The indecision, the perpetual fear of approaching disaster, the almost cyclical attacks of overwhelming depression, are described against the changing background of Cotman's patrons; first, the connoisseur Dr. Monro, then the Yorkshire county families, the Cholmondeleys of Bransby and the Morritts of Rokeby, then the long submission to Dawson "Antiquities" Turner. But if at times an almost paranoiac depression turned Cotman away from painting, the main impression which lingers is that of a typical member of the English landscape-painting tradition, of a simple man painting for his own delight when he got the chance, the sort of man "who would rather pick out with one finger a tune of his own selection than listen to the official programme provided by the Musical Director of Radio." As much as the landscapes of Gainsborough and Constable, Cotman's works breathe, and had their origin in, that personal and original spirit.

RONALD LEWIN

HUMOURS OF TRADING IN CHINA

400 Million Customers. By CARL CROW. *Hamish Hamilton.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

This is a most delightful and entertaining book. The author is an American who has run an advertising and merchandising agency in China for 20 years and has managed, obviously largely on account of his observant, philosophical, good-tempered and sympathetic approach, to give not only a very readable and amusing, but an original and penetrating account of the Chinese. His book should be invaluable to anyone wanting to do business in China, but it is much more than this. It is a humorous but extremely well-informed account of the social customs, morals, habits, prejudices, and philosophy of the Chinese people. It is doubtful whether an Englishman could ever have written a book like this—certainly the type of Englishman who does business in Shanghai could never have attained to the same sympathetic understanding of his staff and customers. If there are many American business-men in China like Mr. Crow it is easy to understand why Americans are more popular there than Englishmen. One enjoys the kind of incident in which the author takes superior white visitors to a Chinese village so that the dogs may bark at them, and they may realise that the smell of Nordics is intolerable to dogs unaccustomed to it, and so have their self-esteem "brought down to reasonable proportions." The water buffalo is apparently yet more intolerant of the smell of even the most immaculate white man or woman, and during the Philippine insurrection a company of American soldiers was compelled to retreat when a herd of these animals decided to aid the Fillipinos.

What English Shanghai business-man could one find walking through a Chinese village accompanied by most of the child population and subsequently entertaining the lot to tea and cakes on his houseboat? Or inviting fifty rickshawmen to his office to smell, taste and judge the merits of the hundreds of cakes sent in for a raisin advertising competition?

There are sketches of all types and classes of men, from the abbot of a Buddhist monastery who could find reasons why men should be grateful to mosquitoes to the head beggar at

Sweet Columbine, no longer let us thread the
ballroom maze.
I'm puffed, you're puffed, we're both puffed—so
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Footnote. — Twenty ordinary cigarettes a day, says a doctor, can do a smoker no harm. The trouble is that, judging by what one reads, there is hardly such a thing as an ordinary cigarette . . . except Greys

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Hankow who, when there was a flood which rendered thousands homeless, was indignant at the way in which the unorganised non-union beggars were playing havoc with his organisation. This reviewer particularly enjoyed the Chapter called "Miss China discovers her legs" in which the author tells of the aids to beauty and the natural beauties of Chinese women, whom he appears to find the most attractive in the world. When he tried to sell some imported rouge to an old Chinese firm he was told "they had come to the conclusion we could offer nothing superior to the brands which were popular in Hangchow when Columbus found a Continent blocking his way on his route to China."

The Chinese are most reluctant to change old brands for new, and the bright American export manager who thinks he will increase his sales by putting his goods in attractive new wrappings finds his market disappearing. It is difficult for the newcomer to sell anything, for business in China is usually only done between relatives, friends, or the friends of friends. Capital is so scarce that clever wholesalers frequently make fortunes by selling goods at cost price. They get credits for what is technically 90 days, but is frequently much longer, and themselves give credit for only a month or sell for cash. Since interest rates are so high that it is the general belief that "anyone who has 10,000 dollars at his command must be either a fool or very unlucky if he does not make his fortune" there is no mystery about how fortunes are made from profitless sales. Would any manufacturer who knew little about China believe that, however excellent and cheap his sardines might be, they would not sell unless packed in heavy wooden cases? The explanation is simple. The salesmen in the shops are all "apprentices" who live in and get no wages but are entitled to dispose of everything which comes into the shop except the stock. Wood is very dear in the interior of China, so the shop assistants naturally push the brand which arrives in good packing cases and leave any other to rot in an out-of-the-way corner. This is only one item in the mass of information this book gives concerning the use made of any and every kind of rubbish in so poor a country as China. There are so many human scavengers that there are no seagulls in Shanghai.

Mr. Crow loves the Chinese for their reasonableness and readiness to compromise and for what is really a mediaeval attitude to social problems. One may pay workers a starvation wage, but it is wrong to lock them out. The tax collector is open to argument if you can prove to him that more taxation will "break your rice bowl." When business is bad the cleverest employees should be dismissed since they will be able to get new jobs, whereas the stupid ones will not. He has a good laugh at the slick American salesman and what a mess of things he can make in the Chinese market, and he tells of his resentment at "being sold" a hat in New York instead of "buying" one as he wished to do. However absurd some Chinese customs and prejudices may appear in Western eyes he is always able to point to something equally laughable in England or the U.S.A. He mentions the amount of their own and other people's time which American business-men waste writing unnecessarily long, or totally unnecessary, letters. Letter writing in American offices "has become a major undertaking like writing for publication, and not a means to an end." The British manufacturer has a natural advantage in the Chinese market because of his conservatism and the Chinese dislike of change, but the Englishman is "the world's most leisurely business-man" and many Shanghai men with British agencies "have suspiciously low golf handicaps." Mr. Crow finds the Germans even more energetic than the Americans, whilst the Frenchman remains half asleep, having for so long relied on tariff walls in his own colonies.

There are chapters on Chinese food and on how poker terms were translated into Chinese. How many of us know that chop suey means beggar's hash and is not really a Chinese dish, and how many of us would recognise the Prime Minister under the designation King of England's No. 1 Boy? FREDA UTLEY

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FORM AT A GLANCE

No Fury. By FRANCIS BEEDING. *Hodder and Stoughton.* 7s. 6d.
Maiden Possessed. By JOHN NEWTON CHANCE. *Gollancz.* 7s. 6d.
Policeman's Holiday. By RUPERT PENNY. *Collins.* 7s. 6d.
Blood on Lake Louisa. By BAYNARD H. KENDRICK. *Methuen.* 7s. 6d.
The Desert Lake Mystery. By KAY CLEAVER STRAHAN. *Methuen.* 7s. 6d.
The Havana Hotel Murders. By FRANK DUDLEY. *Bell.* 7s. 6d.
The Bell in the Fog. By JOHN STEPHEN STRANGE. *Collins.* 7s. 6d.
The Lady in the Morgue. By JONATHAN LATIMER. *Methuen.* 7s. 6d.
Murder with Pictures. By GEORGE HARMON COXE. *Heinemann.* 7s. 6d.

Picking a winner out of an average field of detective stories is about as easy as backing Royal Mail in this year's Grand National—and that was too hard for me. So I shall model myself on the *Times* Racing Correspondent with judicial criticism of the runners on the points of age, stamina and heredity, analysing their past performances and inevitably drawing the conclusion that my favourite will win; but in case he may not I shall impartially broadcast the actual race like Mr. Lyle.

Edgar Wallace stock have always done well over this course, as Francis Beeding has often shown. Francis Beeding is the Sergeant Murphy of the field. This gallant old horse was taking these stiff jumps before many of us were born. I shall expect him to get round safely, but has he the speed to live with the present company? Mr. Chance is from the Gollancz stable, which has saddled many winners. But I watched him running in *Wheels in the Forest*, his first race, when he was too excited by the presence of motor-cars to get going properly, and a horse that is liable to be distracted by some familiar object near the course like a car or a policeman, rarely gets over his bad habit. Mr. Penny showed a turn of speed last autumn with *The Talkative Policeman*, and if he can last out the course his chance must be considered. Mr. Kendrick, Mr. Dudley and Mr. Coxe are from America and have never before raced in this country to my knowledge, but their trainers apparently think well of their chances or they would not be entered. The form of Mr. Strange is better known, but he has never won against strong opposition. He is a steady, reliable jumper, but waits rather too long between his fences. That gallant little mare, Mrs. Strahan, must now be considered. At her last outing she had a very clever win with *The Hobgoblin Murder*. I expect her to jump very well

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and barring accidents to win. Mr. Latimer was very fast in *Headed For A Hearse*, but that was a park course and I have yet to see him take Aintree fences. My before-the-race selection is: Mrs. Strahan to win and Francis Beeding for a place. But I wish I could say I had an animal already past the post.

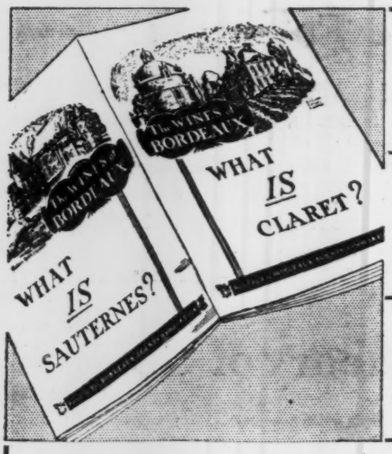
Now for their actual performance in the race. So far as I could see they all got away to a good start bar *Maiden Possessed*, which caught sight of a high-powered car at the starting gate and never afterwards took any interest in the proceedings. *Policeman's Holiday* and *The Lady in the Morgue* jumped straight into the lead over the first fences with *The Havana Hotel Murders* hard on their heels. I could see *No Fury* and *The Bell in the Fog* pegging along steadily at their own pace. Mrs. Strahan was soon in trouble; she had a strange jockey up on *The Desert Lake Mystery*, a sheriff from Nevada instead of red-headed Lyn Macdonald, whom I was counting on, and the sheriff's seat was precarious. He kept falling and remounting, and Mrs. Strahan herself became so dissatisfied with his riding that she sent out Lyn Macdonald to help him over the last few furlongs, but too late to affect the result. Of the outsiders, *The Havana Hotel Murders* kept close to the leaders the first time round, and then was tailed off. *Murder with Pictures* was the same type of animal as *The Lady in the Morgue*, but not such a bold fencer. *Blood on Lake Louisa* was raised in Florida, where I doubt if they keep a stud-book. His style of jumping is somewhat uncouth and Mr. Kendrick's jockey, Doc Ryan of Irish extraction, was content to sit on the animal's back and let him clear the obstacles in his own backwards fashion, but the horse knew what he was about, cleared the water jump with plenty to spare, and seemed to revel in the heavy going. Mr. Kendrick's next appearance will be worth watching.

At the half-distance I thought *Policeman's Holiday* would draw away to win, because *The Lady in the Morgue* was being troubled by loose horses, but at the very last fence Mr. Penny's horse jumped wildly, hit the top of the fence hard and fell—a most disappointing and unexpected blunder, which left the race to *The Lady in the Morgue*. *No Fury* came in second, jumping better than the winner but with no speed on the flat. *Blood on Lake Louisa* came in third. A word must be said about those riderless horses, Bootlegger and Gambler, who interfered with the running of the winner. Some purists adopt the line that such loose horses are an abomination, and that means should be found to keep them off the course. I dislike them myself as much as anyone when they cross a horse, who is going splendidly, at a critical fence and bring him down, but I believe that the jockeys are the ones to deal with the nuisance. Mr. Latimer's jockey on *The Lady in the Morgue* continually found them closing in on him, yet managed to fend them off and get in a clear run to the finishing post.

To return to the world of bookshelves and libraries, *No Fury* is a distinguished example of mass-produced detection. The plot is sound and sufficiently surprising; the characters have their amusing moments; the action is continuous with the padding unobtrusive; a love interest is thrown in for anyone who wants it; and the solution calculated to baffle the casual reader. The story concerns the relations of a successful middle-aged female novelist with the local Literary Society. *Maiden Possessed* is romantic stuff. Supercharged motor-cars, the New Forest, a modern flapper and pubs combine to obscure from that unobservant Colossus, Mr. De Havilland, the machinations of a Secret Agent. *Policeman's Holiday* is well worth reading, if only to quarrel with the smart-alec solution. A county magnate in Dorset is found hanging from a tree miles from home with an acrostic in his pocket. He was fond of composing acrostics, but why did he climb the tree? Because naturally *we* rule out suicide even if the Dorset police are slow to reject the obvious. Well, I should be interested to hear the comments of readers when they discover how to get a magnate up a tree. But I don't advise any attempt to gain the *Observer's* quarterly prize by Chief-Inspector Beale's methods—in acrostics penny-wise is most pound-foolish. *Blood on Lake Louisa* and *The Desert Lake Mystery* both depend on the wilderness for their background and atmosphere. There are rattlesnakes round Lake Louisa as well as swamps, to prolong detection, and Mr. Kendrick pulls out a nice surprise for his solution; whereas Mrs. Strahan's sheriff is sentimental and long-winded as well as incompetent, and her plot has to emerge in a jerky, lop-sided way to help out her lame conclusion.

The Havana Hotel Murders is written in bright, American style from the standpoint of the typist to a Commission of Investigation marooned in Cuba during a general strike. I was dissatisfied with the murderer's motive, but perhaps it requires an American to appreciate it at its full value. If people are to be murdered on such grounds, few of us are safe in this country. *The Bell in the Fog* is reminiscent of Miss Phoebe Atwood Taylor and Cape Cod with its intransigent and over-murdered residents. The motive in this case is ingenious and unimpeachable, but like most dialect detective stories Mr. Strange's plot suffers from constipation. That leaves us with the two tough Americans, *Murder with Pictures* and *The Lady in the Morgue*, but the first blends toughness with sentimentality and loses pace in the process. *The Lady in the Morgue* is tough all through and if you can masticate the Chicago meat you will extract plenty of good red juice to sustain you until the next meal comes along.

RALPH PARTRIDGE



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Sibelius. By BENGT DE TÖRNE. *Faber and Faber.* 6s.

Alfred Cortot's Studies in Musical Interpretation. Set down by JEANNE THIEFFRY. Trans. by ROBERT JACQUES. *Harrap.* 10s. 6d.

Close-ups of the great by their pupils are only rarely illuminating, for the reason that hero-worship is apt to induce an indiscriminating approach, so that details which seem important and characteristic to the hero-worshipper seem merely banal to the general reader. Luckily, Mr. de Törne's reminiscences are of two kinds—"human" and technical; and whereas the former conform to the type indicated above, the latter are of the very highest interest. Thus, while we are definitely not thrilled to hear that, after a performance of the *Eroica* by Kajanus, Sibelius came up to Mr. de Törne and "said enthusiastically: 'Did you understand *how* wonderful it was?'"—on the other hand, a passage like the following is of considerable importance to students of music:

> The orchestra, you see, is a huge and wonderful instrument that has got everything—except the pedal. You must always bear this in mind. You see, if you don't create an artificial pedal for your orchestration there will be holes in it, and some passages will sound

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ragged. Many composers . . . either never discovered this or entirely forgot it—Liszt, for instance.

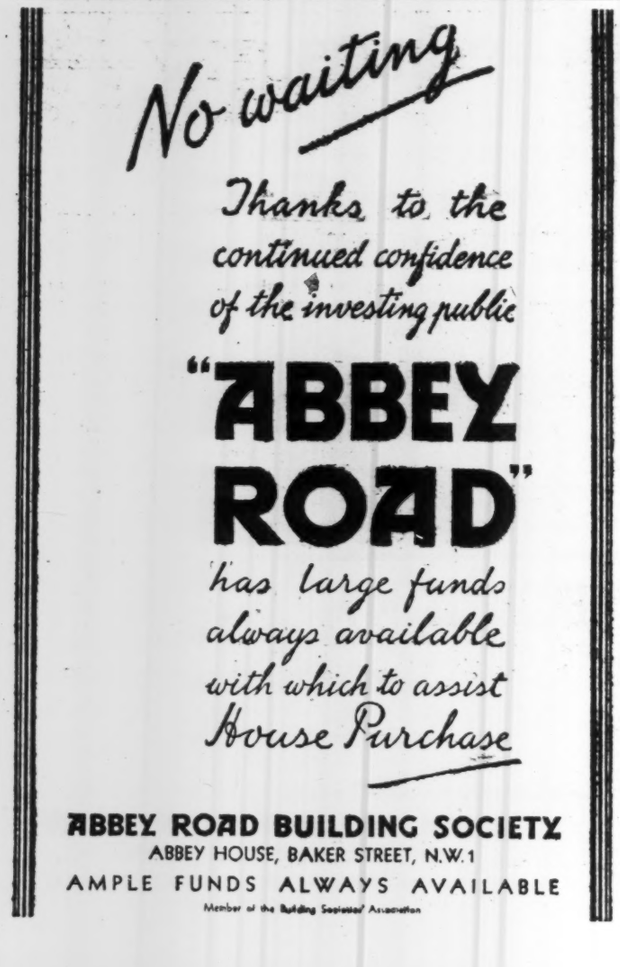
And the passage continues with some interesting remarks on "the continuation of sonority when passing from one group of colours to another." This throws light on many a passage of Sibelius' own very individual orchestration, as does also the remark that the three trombones should always be regarded as an entity with which the tuba combines badly. Elsewhere in this short sketch there is a piece of advice as to how to begin scoring the *Waldstein Sonata* for orchestra, which is highly characteristic of Sibelius' taste and discretion in such matters.

You must start with one pizzicato for the double basses and then let the second violins, the violas and the violoncellos play the whole first bar staccato. At the second bar you will make the bassoons join them, but legato. And give the little treble chirp to the first violins and not to the flute.

How many students in a hundred would, unaided, have resisted giving that treble chirp to the flute? Not many, I think. Incidentally, I do not quite understand how the second violins are to play a part in the first bars of the sonata, since the E below middle C would be too low for them; but perhaps Sibelius means them to play the theme an octave higher. That very mysterious little work, *Rakastava*, receives a partial explanation in these pages, where Sibelius, commenting on Wagner's vulgar habit of shouting "I love you, I love you," adds: "To my mind it is something that you should whisper." But Mr. de Törne is wrong in thinking that this exquisite piece "is sure to find admirers everywhere, except perhaps among the more ferocious intellectuals." On the only occasion of its performance at which I was present, it was without exception the "ferocious intellectuals" who admired it and the low-brows who found it dull.

Mlle. Thieffry's book on Cortot's now famous *cours d'interprétation* is marred by the vague and flowery style in which she smothers the music under consideration; but it is worth while disregarding this for the sake of much excellent practical advice on piano-playing that is scattered throughout the book. M. Cortot is a "poetic" pianist who, I cannot help feeling, often ruins his own performances by over-interpretation and abuse of *rubato*; and the persistence with which he sees a "programme" in every conceivable piece of music cannot but result in these faults. But no one would accuse him of perfunctoriness or lack of thought, and no doubt many of his glosses on famous masterpieces of the piano will be of service to students.

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST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TWO WARS

The Last of the Gentlemen's Wars: A Subaltern's Journal of the War in South Africa, 1899–1902. By MAJOR-GENERAL J. F. C. FULLER. *Faber.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

"Stand To": A Diary of the Trenches, 1915–18. By CAPTAIN F. C. HITCHCOCK. *Hurst and Blackett.* 15*s.*

The title General Fuller has chosen for the narrative of his personal experiences during the Boer War is distinctly invidious, and much of the preface in which he enlarges upon its meaning would be better away. Apart from this one has nothing but praise for the book. General Fuller saw none of the really disastrous battles in which our troops were led, by very gallant gentlemen, like sheep to the slaughter. Indeed, owing to a serious operation that invalided him home not long after his arrival, the war he served in was that guerilla war in which personal initiative had full play and sporting instincts were duly gratified. In his descriptions of raids and reconnaissances from the block-house area of which he was in command—the best descriptions of the block-house system that have been given us—he has much to tell us of the Boers, and of the motley crowds of colonials and Kaffirs that served with or under him, and has many good stories of the Staff and of the queer comforts they carried with them.

In "*Stand To*" we are given the day-by-day experiences of life and death in the front line during the Great War. Captain Hitchcock served with the 2nd Battalion of the Leinsters, at Ypres, the Somme, Hill 60, St. Eloi, Loos, Armentières and the Vimy Ridge; and, devoid of heroics and neuroses, his quiet literal story shows us the war as it was and the men who fought in it as they were. There have been many war books, written from many angles and many points of view. Here is just the war and nothing but the war, and he who reads can come to his own conclusions. General Fuller calls it a cad's war, and, of course, considered as a sport it was rotten. But the cads are to seek in Captain Hitchcock's records, and we know from many reliable sources that G.H.Q. simply bristled with gentility. It was, however, an ugly and brutal and futile war, and compared with it General Fuller's gentlemen's war was a picnic, though it may be questioned if that picnic's alfresco delights were properly enjoyed by the Boers and their families.

FRANK A. CLEMENT

SHORTER NOTICES

The Maker of Modern Japan: The Life of Tokugawa Ieyasu. By A. L. SADLER. *Allen and Unwin.* 16*s.*

The Japanese are almost precluded from undertaking any objective historical research into their own history for fear of prosecution for *lèse-majesté* or "dangerous thinking," whilst few foreigners can speak Japanese, fewer still read the language, and only a handful are, or have been, historians. Hence a work of real scholarship such as this is extremely valuable. Mr. Sadler's book is somewhat too full of battle, murder and sudden death, and somewhat scanty in its description of social and economic developments, but presumably the author would say that the material for the latter is not available. Secondly, he might argue that a true picture of the world into which Ieyasu introduced peace and a strong central government can only be obtained by an account of the battles, sieges, revolts and intrigues of the period. Certainly the sixteenth century in Japan was a ruthless age and the samurai and daimyo appear as even more cruel than the knights of medieval Europe. They frequently crucified or impaled the women and children held as hostages or taken prisoner when their husbands and fathers were defeated. When the Shogun's peace was finally established by Tokugawa Ieyasu the power of the feudal aristocrats had not been broken, only curbed, and the great lords never forgot that he was not king, only *primus inter pares*. Nor was there any growing middle class on which the central government could rely against the daimyo (barons). The Shogunate's own laws prevented the growth of an independent bourgeoisie. The country was kept divided up by such measures as the prohibition of intercourse between the people of one fief and another, and class divisions were kept as rigid as possible. A natural development out of feudalism was made impossible and the economic development of the country hindered. The author shows

Spring fancies

A leader in *The Times* informs us that "on both sides of the Atlantic the tailors have started their annual and disinterested effort to make men buy new clothes." (We are glad to learn that disinterestedness is not a monopoly of the press!) As for *making* men buy new clothes, we never expect to do that. Customers come hoping that Goss tailoring will be better than its advertisements.

Easter was such a fine week-end, a particularly warm one in some parts of the country, that nature seemed to be doing our job for us. At the moment of scribbling these lines, it seems hardly necessary to remind readers that within a few weeks they will be needing lighter and brighter clothes.

We are dubious about the demand for sports jackets in sunshine yellow, or red, white and blue in the stripes of suits, or twilight-blue (unless this means dark blue) evening dress, a few of the specialities threatened in *The Times* leader, but we have a remarkable range of patterns for sports and lounge suits which we think will meet all unreasonable demands.

The Goss brothers ask all customers to pay cash; therefore credit charges never enter their heads, still less their books. The difference between Goss's terms and even the most reasonable of the credit houses is enough to make a very substantial variation in the price of a suit. The Gosses are individual tailors, in the fullest sense of the term. Assisted by Mr. Whitehouse, who has been trained by them, they do all the measuring, cutting and fitting personally. They scrupulously follow the wishes of each customer, and spare no pains in selecting from the makers a wide yet distinctive range of the very best materials obtainable.

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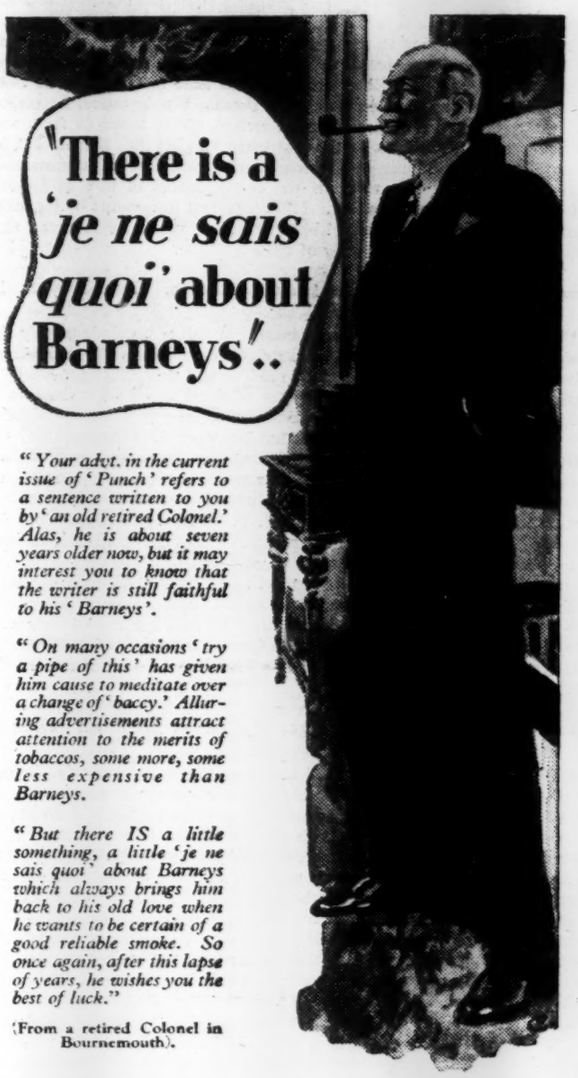

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Ieyasu's strength of character and cleverness and contempt for religion. His son's cynical outlook is shown in the following article from his code: "Law may be contrary to reason, but reason is no excuse for breaking the law." This book contains much valuable information, and the author makes some useful comparisons from time to time, but he does not usually draw any conclusions from them. For instance, he points out that in Japan the samurai was an archer, either horse or foot, and did not trust to his armour as the European knights did, neither did he advance in the massed charging formation that would be most vulnerable to gunfire. But he fails to show the consequences of this in Japan's social and political development. His occasional judgments of Japanese character are penetrating and illuminating, as when he remarks that they have no sense of guilt, only of failure.

France: A Companion to French Studies. Edited by R. L. GRÆME RITCHIE. *Methuen.* 16s.

This is a useful, safe-and-sound book. It fulfils very adequately the twofold purposes as laid down by Prof. Græme Ritchie to provide an informative "background to French reading and travel," and to offer "a British presentment of France in place of the French presentments in which, from the English reader's point of view, the facts are out of focus and the emphasis is wrong." This has been done by mapping out the political, intellectual and artistic territory from the seventeenth century to the early twentieth, and handing over the several parts to ten writers, whose thirteen essays make up a substantial volume. The texture of the book is nowhere so rich as in J. E. C. Bodley's *France*, but the range, of course, is wider, and the picture is brought up to date in most of the sections. Mr. J. P. T. Bury's chapter on French history from 1789 to 1914 is the outstanding contribution in its class. Modern literature suffers from an excessive number of names and summary judgments. But it will be particularly useful to many English readers to have such clear expositions of French institutions (parliamentary, local government, educational and judicial) as are given by Prof. F. C. Roe. There are also well arranged bibliographies.

The Paris Commune of 1871. By FRANK JELLINEK. *Gollancz.* 8s. 6d.

Clio has hastened from behind the barricades to inspire Mr. Jellinek in this long and very detailed study of the Paris Commune, and is apt to be a little breathless and unsteady in consequence. Admittedly, however, he has not sought the objectivity of the common-rooms in his history of those three furious months, which left so deep a wound on the body of France and such lasting scars on the face of her capital. His narrative and interpretation are both in purely Marxist terms, and the reader must take them or leave them as so conceived. In spite of the complexity involved in recounting day by day, sometimes almost hour by hour, the vicissitudes of the Commune (and the mere topography of the story is not easy to grasp without a fair knowledge of Paris), Mr. Jellinek has succeeded in producing a spirited and coherent picture; and his enthusiasm invests it at times with a turbulent grandeur. But there are no gradations; everything is black or white. Nobody reading the book without some general background of the history of the time would suppose that France, outside the Communard region of Paris, had any leaders or representative figures who were not malevolent foes of the common people, and nothing else. However, bearing in mind the circumscribed nature of the history, readers should not overlook a book which contains a mass of detailed information not accessible in other English books dealing with its subject.

A Survey of European Civilisation. Part I, to 1660, by WALLACE K. FERGUSON. Part II, since 1660, by GEOFFREY BRUUN. Under the editorial supervision of CARL L. BECKER. *Allen and Unwin.* 18s.

The authors of this admirable text-book, which comes to us warmly commended by Mr. A. L. Rowse, are Assistant Professors of History in New York University, the Editor being John Stambaugh, Professor of History in Cornell University. Though the survey has the twin qualities of a good text-book—conciseness and comprehensiveness—it has also qualities that many text-books lack, and students will find that throughout the book's thousand pages of information the authors are never dull, or trite, or tedious; and that each division and sub-division summarises its subject so attractively that the impulse to use effectively its accompanying bibliography will be irresistible. From Diocletian to Mussolini, from Merowig to Hitler, their story flows, with now and then a halt by the way, while the authors treat of the domestic life and the arts, crafts and literature of the peoples and periods under examination. The format of the book is excellent, and its maps and illustrations—the latter in the text—are all that such things should be.

A Constitutional History of British Guiana. By SIR CECIL CLEMENTI. *Macmillan.* 20s.

In this constitutional study of British Guiana, Sir Cecil Clementi, who was formerly Colonial Secretary and thrice Officer Administering the Government of British Guiana, deals primarily with the anomalous constitution of the colony which came to an end in 1928. But in a long introductory survey, he gives us the whole history of the country under Dutch rule and a very clear explanation of conditions obtaining as they were outlined in the capitulations when the British Government finally assumed the government. Sir Cecil is mainly concerned to exhibit the abrogated constitution as a flagrant example of the misapplication of political ideas, the growth of centuries in this country, to a land where the vast bulk of the electorate had had no training in citizenship. "Political education," he maintains, "cannot be 'crammed,' and it is idle to suppose that the diverse racial elements which form the population of British Guiana will fit themselves for true citizenship more rapidly than was the case in the United Kingdom itself." Which conclusion perhaps errs on the side of exaggeration. However, the anomalies of the constitution he exposes were glaring, and as a guide for future experiments this critical and heavily documented survey should prove both interesting and valuable.

Week-end Competitions

No. 368

Set by H. D. Waley

A first prize of Two Guineas and a second prize of Half a Guinea are offered for three 100-word descriptions of heaven as visualised by a Dictator, a Film Magnate and a Reasonable Being.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, April 9th.
2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.
3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.
4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 366

Set by Maurice Richardson

The schooldays of the great are notably turbulent. Early expression of those talents which when fully developed electrify the world at large often displease masters and mistresses. We offer a prize of two guineas and a second prize of half a guinea for end of term reports which most closely foreshadow the future achievements of any of the following pairs, assuming them to be at a troublesome age and an English school:

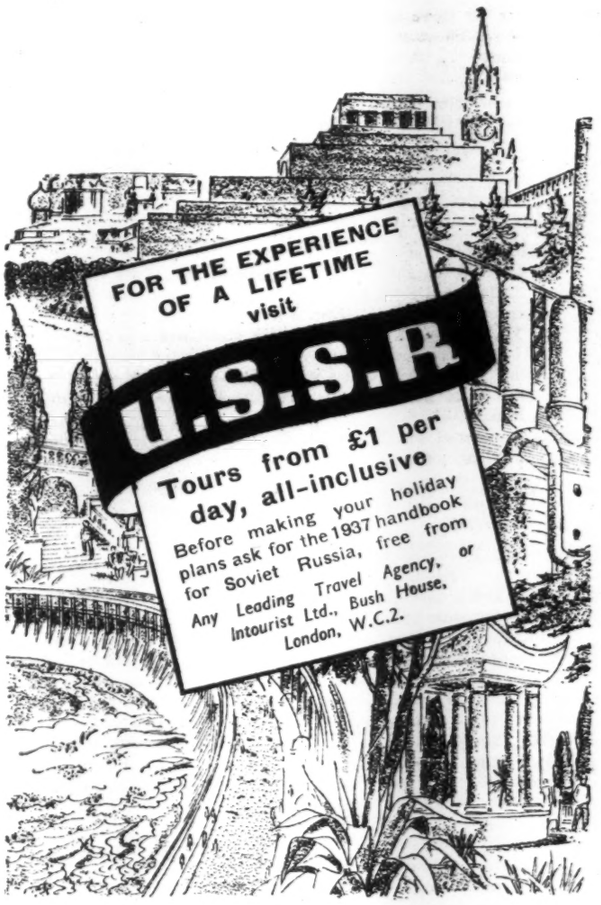
James Douglas	The Bishop of London
Horst Wessel	Canon Sheppard
Jack the Ripper	Gandhi
John the Baptist	Mr. Baldwin
Dr. Marie Stopes	Professor Freud
Isadora Duncan	Dean Inge
Bertrand Russell	Göring
Dr. Buchman	Stalin

Report by Maurice Richardson

Horst Wessel pimping for the tuck shop girl; John the Baptist dreamy and inattentive in class—a preliminary glance was encouraging. But after more careful consideration, and in spite of entries both agreeably libellous and utterly unprintable, I was disappointed. There was plenty of enthusiasm, but a good deal of silly obviousness and very little sense of form—a defect which ruined many promising entries.

A lot of competitors concentrated on the general conduct section. Of those who devoted more or less equal attention to each subject, D. Hanson is commended for some neat word-play about Göring and Stalin. A popular pair this, but not so popular as Baldwin and Gandhi. Congratulations to Richard Pomfret on Gandhi's dropped catch and to L. W. Bailey for parts of his letter to Mr. Gandhi, senior, requesting Mahatma's immediate removal from the school. Surprisingly few chose Freud, who I should have thought would have been easy and fruitful ("Sigmund *must* learn to respect the privacy of the dormitory, etc., etc."). Buchman was entirely neglected and very few tackled the ladies; of this few Pluto IV very nicely caught the headmistress's nagging, malicious style, but in a too short an entry. Michael Warwick sent a long letter from James Douglas's English master complaining of the difficulties of teaching English to a boy who refused to read the prescribed authors because they were all pornographers.

Nobody could produce two reports up to scholarship standard and awarding the prizes is going to be rather difficult. I propose dividing the first prize equally between Muriel Sly and A. K. Milne and giving the second prize to L. V. Upward for having made me laugh a good deal.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MURIEL SLY

BALDWIN, S., SHELL

Form-master's report: "I have come to look on him as a fixture in my form room. Fundamentally idle, he has sometimes deceived me into thinking him industrious by the mere length of his equivocal answers. I hope he will slough his shell very soon."

Housemaster's report: "He must assert himself more; one hardly knows he is in the House."

Headmaster's Report: "He must remember that the tortoise does not always win."

A. K. MILNE

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 222.—HOLIDAYS (OLD STYLE)

Messrs. Bognor, Clacton, Dover, Hastings, Penzance, Sandown and Torquay are seven old friends of ours. Each lives in a town which is the namesake of one of the others, and each spends his holidays in a different town which is also the namesake of one of the others. No two of them live in the same town, and no two of them spend their holidays in the same town.

For example, Mr. Clacton spends his holidays at Hastings. The Dover resident spends his holidays at Torquay, and the Torquay resident spends his holidays at Dover. Mr. Torquay lives at the town whose namesake spends his holidays at Torquay. The namesake of the town where Mr. Bognor lives lives at the town whose namesake lives at Bognor. Mr. Hastings goes for his holidays to the town whose namesake lives at Hastings. The Bognor resident spends his holidays at Clacton, and the Penzance resident spends his at Sandown. Mr. Torquay has never been to Hastings.

Where does each of our seven friends live, and where does each spend his holidays?

PROBLEM 220.—LITTLE AUDREY'S TEA-PARTY

By A. G. Stripp

It is obvious that the only 3-figured numbers which are exact squares or cubes and with which we are concerned in this problem are those which have all three digits different and are composed only of the digits 1 to 7. These are:

Squares	256	324	361	576	625	
Cubes	125	216	625			

Experiment soon shows that so far as these numbers alone are concerned, the only possible arrangements are:

	Orange	Green	*Frances*	Blue	*Connie*	Yellow	White	*Eileen*	Red
(*a*)	1	2	5	3	2	4	5	7	6
(*b*)	1	2	5	5	7	6	3	2	4
(*c*)	2	1	6	3	2	4	5	7	6
(*d*)	2	1	6	5	7	6	3	2	4

Diagrams show that—

(1) In both (*a*) and (*b*) it is impossible for Doris to be between Audrey and Gracie;
(2) In both (*c*) and (*d*), *Beryl is wearing green*;
(3) *The girl in violet is Eileen* in (*c*), and Connie in (*d*);
(4) The coefficient of hilarity is an exact whole number (19) only in (*c*), and this occurs when the seats 1 to 7 are occupied in the order Beryl, Connie, Audrey, Doris, Gracie, Frances, and Eileen.

(It is immaterial whether in the diagrams the seats are numbered in clockwise or anti-clockwise order.)

PROBLEM 219.—CLOTH OF GOLD

A set of Low's cartoons goes to: M. Brief, Lynn Road, Downham Market, Norfolk.

Six points are awarded.

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM SOLVERS

A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

In addition, a record is kept of correct solutions sent, and of the points scored weekly by solvers. On attaining 100 points a solver is entitled to a prize consisting of any book (or books) reviewed or advertised in these columns, of a value not greater than 10*s*. Solvers who have won a prize on this basis are eligible for a second prize on attaining a further 120 points, and for a third prize on attaining a further 150. Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o the Editor, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday week following publication of the problem. Solutions to two problems may be sent in one envelope, but on separate sheets of paper.

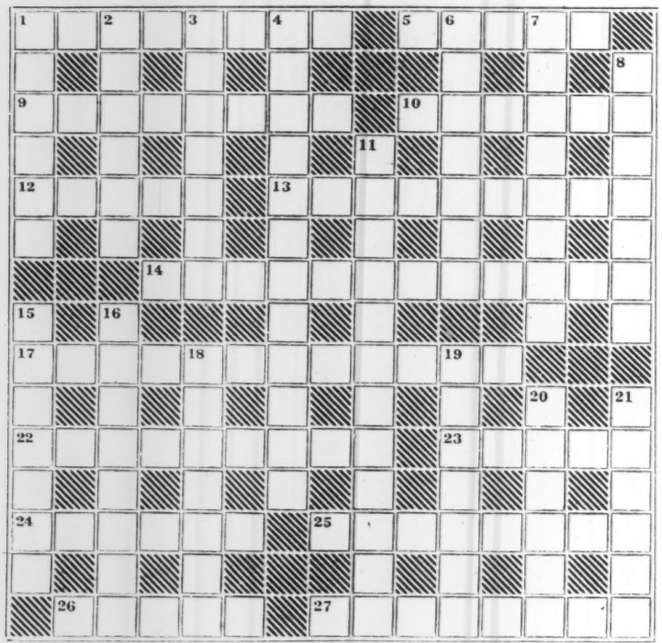
Some indication should be given of the method of solution.

[U.S.A. Competitors. The Editor regrets that the prizes offered in our Week-end Competitions cannot apply to American competitors.]

CALIBAN

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 369

Books to the value of Five Shillings may be chosen by the sender of the first correct solution opened. Post solutions to arrive not later than first delivery Wednesday following the date of issue, addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is

Mrs. Richard Howroyd, Tiverton Cottage, Tarporley, Ches.

ACROSS

1. Such favourites tend to become sheepish.
5. As a lovely dinner preferable to hateful beef.
9. Is it always thrown underhand?
10. A first-class poet induces sleep.
12. French one not permitted.
13. The assembled pages stand on them.
14. They went on the boil to make a quick turnover for the farmer.
17. He twigs that it's wet underfoot.
22. Result of holding converse with oneself.
23. Catarrh inevitably produces this internally.
24. Sent over the boundary.
25. Does it hold the shares for dinners on 'Change?
26. Eager to give consent.
27. Supporter who's liable to get stuck up.

DOWN

1. Is never lonely on the beach.
2. Florence's language?
3. The man I bet is going round.
4. No doubt they would shorten many a golfer's search in the rough.
6. Grass to spare for paper.
7. Was this the era when everyone had plenty of money?
8. The sprites go on.
11. Made a praiseworthy speech.
15. Makes his own waterway.
16. Status of those who are upright.
18. What Public Assistance Officers should do.
19. Complaint about the drum?
20. Facial depression.
21. Half a dozen people play at it.

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

TRAINING CENTRES

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.
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Honorary Visitor: Sir Frederic George Kenyon, G.B.E., K.C.B., M.A., D.Litt.
Director: J. D. Cowley, M.A., F.L.A.
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Instruction is given in English Composition, Bibliography, Cataloguing and Indexing, Classification, Library Administration, Literary History, Book Selection and Reference Work, and Palaeography and Archives.
Public and special lectures on the history of the library movement, library buildings, bookbinding, book selection, book illustration, county library systems, and library work with children, are also given.
The Session begins on Monday, 4th October, 1937.
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UNIVERSITY OF LONDON

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February, 1937.

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THE WEEK IN THE CITY

PETROL AND OIL SHARES—CENTRAL ELECTRICITY BOARD—BREWERY SHARES

THE motorist will be thankful that Easter was not made chillier by an advance in the price of petrol. The oil shareholder, however, is still expectant. One penny has been put on the price of petrol this year on account of the rise in tanker freight rates up to the end of January (from 10*s.* to 20*s.* per ton for clean tankers from Gulf ports to Great Britain between September, 1936, and the end of January, 1937). Since January there has been a further sharp rise in freight rates—from 20*s.* per ton to 35*s.* per ton—which is equivalent to a little over ½*d.* on the gallon of petrol. Now one penny per gallon on petrol over the year means a great deal to the national distributors, for the consumption in Great Britain is in excess of 1,300 million gallons. It is a reasonable guess to say that Shell-Mex and B.P., the joint marketing company of the Shell Transport and Anglo-Iranian Oil companies, holds over 50 per cent. of the total trade—let us say 30 per cent. to Shell and 20 per cent. to Anglo-Iranian. Thus an extra 1d. is 8 per cent. on Anglo-Iranian. Thirty per cent. of the total petrol trade can be assigned to the Anglo-American Oil Company, which is the Standard Oil subsidiary selling Esso petrol and controlling also the Petroleum Storage and Finance Corporation which markets Cleveland petrol and Discol (alcohol). Of the Anglo-American 30 per cent., probably less than one third should be assigned to Cleveland and Discol petrol, so that a 1*d.* on petrol may mean 88 per cent. on the capital of Petroleum Storage and Finance. Incidentally, this is equivalent to 46 per cent. on the Petroleum Storage ordinary £1 shares and 310 per cent. on the deferred shares of 1*s.* Trinidad Leaseholds, distributing Regent petrol, is probably accounting for 8 per cent. of the total petrol trade and is steadily expanding its business. If we take 100 million gallons as a minimum for Regent petrol, Trinidad Leaseholds will earn another 25½ per cent. on its ordinary capital from a 1*d.* increase on petrol over the year. These calculations suggest that some of the leading oil shares are still cheap having regard to 1936 estimated dividend yields.

	Price.	1935 Dividend.	Est. 1936 Dividend.	Estimated Yield %.
Shell Transport £1 ..	6¾ cum bonus†	17½% net	20% net*	£4 13 3
Anglo-Iranian £1 ..	6¼	15%	20%	£3 4 0
Trinidad Leaseholds £1	7⅞	25%	35%*	£4 9 0
		Year ending June		
Petroleum Storage:				
Ord. £1	6	32%‡	30%	£5 0 0
		Year ending October		
Defd. 1*s.*	41/-	72%	250%	£6 2 0
		Year ending October		

* On increased capital. † Cum bonus of 1 in 5. ‡ Includes 16% arrears.

If the small investor is courageously prepared to take an oilfield production risk he might consider Apex (Trinidad) which sells its output to Trinidad Leaseholds and gets the benefit of a rise in British petrol prices under the terms of its sales contract. Apex (Trinidad) 5*s.* shares are at present quoted at 43*s.* 9*d.* to yield £5 18*s.* 6*d.* per cent. gross on estimated dividends of 45 per cent. The dividend yield allows for Dominion income tax relief, tax being deducted at 2*s.* 6*d.* in the £.

* * *

The old scare about the Central Electricity Board stocks can hardly survive the ninth annual report which has just been published. The Board has actually been able to charge interest against revenue in advance of its obligations. Last year its general trading, which covered the whole country except North Scotland, South Scotland and North-East England, resulted in a net revenue of £1,689,487, out of which £1,131,516 was applied in the payment of interest on £25,895,000 "general purposes" debt, although the Board was empowered to charge the whole of this amount to capital. Interest was charged to capital in 1936 only in respect of £10,000,000 "general purposes" debt issued more recently. The total capital expenditure of the Central Electricity Board up to date has been £53 millions, of which £36,400,000 is applicable to "general purposes" and £16,600,000 to standardisation of frequency. The interest on the portion of the debt allocated to the standardisation of frequency is recovered by a levy on the whole of the electricity supply industry. The cost of the actual grid is given as £30 millions and it is estimated that at the end of 1936 the total capital saving from the reduction in the proportion of generating plant held in reserve by authorised undertakings had amounted to £14 millions. Nevertheless, many of the big electricity supply companies have been complaining that under independent operation their stations could have generated electricity at less cost. Actually no loss to the owner of a selected station can arise from the control of its operations by the Board, for the Act enables the owner to purchase electricity from the Board at a price lower than its tariff price if under independent operation production costs at the station would have been lower. The Board itself has one or two complaints to make—mainly about coal. Last year, as a result of the coal selling schemes, the average price of coal used at the Board's generating stations increased by nearly 11 per cent. As a result, the benefit of more than one-half of the reduction in fuel costs per unit which had been achieved since the Board's normal trading began in 1933 has now been lost to electricity consumers and diverted to the coal industry. This is as it should be. The Board's complaint about its difficulties in getting delivery of coal of the required size and quality is more serious, for it consumes 12 million tons a year. The cheerful part of the report is that the increase in the national output of electricity is the highest recorded, bringing the total production by authorised undertakings in the year to 20,000 million units. Since 1929 the output of electricity in Great Britain has increased by over 95 per cent., whereas over the same period the expansion in the world production of electricity has not exceeded 35 per cent. For the investor the most attractive stock of the Central Electricity Board is perhaps the following:

	Price	Flat Yield %	Redemption Yield %
Central Electricity 4½%, 1951-73	106¼	£4 4 6	£3 18 0

* * *

Brewery shares have only partly recovered from their recent fall. Since it is obvious that brewery profits cannot increase very much under present conditions, the shares are particularly susceptible to a change in the rate of interest, and the usual uncertainty as to whether the Chancellor will exact more from the brewing industry has contributed towards the depression in the

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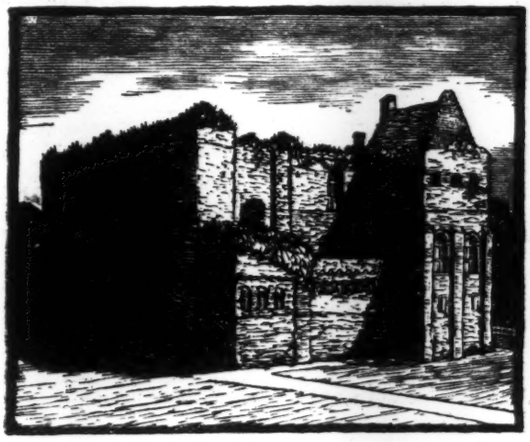
market. Production and consumption of beer are increasing with better trade and better wages, but the increase is not startling and the market is still somewhat bearish about the long-term outlook for the industry. As for the short-term outlook, we think that brewery shares are now reasonably priced after their recent fall, if not exactly cheap. A small increase in the taxation on beer is possible but the market appears to have discounted already the effects of such an increase. It is said that the Chancellor was very impressed with the arguments of the trade that an increase in the tax would not increase the total amount of cash collected. We hear also that the brewers themselves are quite optimistic, so for the short run we regard any of the following shares as safe:

Company.	Last Finan. Year Ended.	Present Price.	Yield on Last Earnings.	Yield on Dividend.
Barclays	31. 3.36	34/6	£6 5 0%	£4 13 0%
Bass	30. 9.36	134/–	£5 2 0%	£4 14 0%
Guinness	30. 6.36	136/–	£4 19 0%	£4 5 0%
Ind Coope	30. 9.36	123/–	£6 15 0	£4 10 0%
Meux	31.12.36	44/–	£7 9 0%	£5 0 0%
Mitchells & Butler	30. 9.36	102/–	£5 6 0%	£4 10 0%
Newcastle	31.10.36	65/–	£8 10 0%	£3 8 0%
Taylor Walker	31.12.36	42/–	£10 16 0%	£4 15 0%
Walker Cain	31.12.36	24/6	£8 5 0%	£4 18 0%
Watney Combe	30. 6.36	82/–	£7 17 0%	£4 8 0%

10.8	8.0
34.2	31.5
33.6	29.0
41.5	27.5
16.4	11.0
27.1	23.0
27.7	11.0
22.7*	10.0
10.1	6.0
32.2	18.0

* Includes individual profits of Cannon Brewery.

All these companies have a certain "recovery" element. Of these Ind Coope and Allsopp shares appear to be the cheapest since this company has considerable interests in the industrial North but we confess that we should not be particularly interested in purchasing Watney Combe Reid Deferred Stock to yield under 4½ per cent., since this company is largely interested in the London district, whose population presumably cannot very well spend much more money on beer (Coronation years excepted). All this is for the short term. We do not regard any of these shares as permanent investments.



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T.T.174D

Company Meeting

THE CHARTERED BANK OF INDIA, AUSTRALIA AND CHINA

The eighty-third ordinary general meeting of The Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China, was held on the 31st March, 1937, in London, E.C.

Mr. A. d'Anyers Willis (Chairman) presiding, referred to the death of Mr. J. L. Crockatt, the absence of Mr. Colin Campbell, Sir Henry Macnaghten, the Earl of Inchcape and Sir William Foot Mitchell, and the resignation from the board of Mr. A. A. Jamieson.

He dealt with the various items in the balance sheet and continuing said (in part): I now turn to what is, I think, to both Directors and shareholders alike, the most interesting part of our report—the profit and loss account. As compared with 1935, our net profits of £496,682 for the year show a small decrease of £1,961. After paying the usual interim dividend last September, we have available for distribution £467,719 18*s.* 10*d.*, and we propose, subject to your approval, to pay a final dividend at the rate of 14 per cent. per annum for the half year, absorbing £210,000; to add £35,000 to the Officers' Pension Fund; to set aside £40,000 on account of contingencies, and to carry forward to this year, the balance of £182,719 18*s.* 10*d.*

Overseas Trade

From this chair I have, as you know, been consistent in advocating that Great Britain's overseas trade should be fostered by every available means.

It is natural that export trade should seem less important when domestic trade is expanding, but I wish to emphasise the desirability of serious attention being devoted to overseas orders, especially as, should they be neglected now, they may not be available when the present abnormal domestic conditions have disappeared. Bearing on the subject of the extension of foreign trade, the Ottawa Agreements, which expire in August this year, are shortly coming up for review. If, beyond the limits of the Empire, the scope of overseas trade can be widened by inviting other countries desiring freer trade to negotiate for a reciprocal lowering of the existing barriers, something definite may be achieved in furnishing a definite impetus to the volume of the world's commerce.

The chairman then referred to the improvement of India's export business, taking the various products, jute, coal, tea, etc. in turn, and gave some interesting general statistics. He hoped that the prices for Burmah's staple product—rice—would still continue to improve, and he touched on the recent increase in Ceylon's export trade. Conditions in British Malaya, he said, had undergone general all-round improvement during the past year, and that provided rubber consumption continued on the present scale we might look for the maintenance of a remunerative return for the product. He also said that this had been a highly satisfactorily year for tin. He was hopeful about Siam, welcomed the return to prosperity of the Dutch East Indies and he stated that the Phillipine Islands were sharing in the benefits resulting from increased prices.

He went on: In happenings in China, which have made the greatest impression on the Western banking world in the last year or so, probably that of the change in China to a managed currency, stands out relatively as the most important. In last year's speech, misgivings were expressed regarding the ability of the Chinese Government to maintain a managed currency. So far the arrangements have been successful, and if, aided by a healthy export trade, and provided that no major political upheaval takes place to challenge the authority of the Central Government there seems no reason why they should not continue to be a success.

To refer briefly to trade, I am very pleased to note that during and since the last quarter of 1936 a growing demand has arisen for China's products at enhanced prices, which, aided by a steady exchange, has made an encouraging change in the outlook for China generally. With a shortage of crops in other parts of the world, China has benefited and we begin to realise her advantage on the estimate that her crops, harvested last year, are worth $3,000 millions more than the crops of 1935.

Referring to the potentialities of China as a market for British exports, it is gratifying to observe that the Export Credits Guarantee Department of the Department of Overseas Trade has recently sent to China a representative to explore and report upon commercial opportunities for British manufacturers. For some time to come, China is likely to be an important market for capital goods, and in particular, for machinery, to equip the new industrial plants that are being created under the supervision of the Ministry of Industries.

Japan has had a difficult year, both from the political and economic point of view. The higher prices of the raw materials she imports for her manufacturing industries have recently put a strain on the exchange value of the Yen. There is necessarily a time-lag before the higher value of her exports adjusts the position. I am glad to see that she is arranging for part of her gold reserves to be shipped abroad to strengthen her exchanges.

The chairman concluded with a tribute to the staff. The report was adopted.

London Amusements

MATINEES

All at 2.30 p.m. unless otherwise stated.

ALDWYCH. Jane Eyre. Wed., Thurs. & Sat.
CAMBRIDGE. 1066 And All That. Th., Sat.
COLISEUM. The Vagabond King. W., Th., S.
COMEDY. Busman's Honeymoon. Tu., F.
DRURY LANE. Careless Rapture. Wed., Sat.
DUCHESS. Mile Away Murder. Wed.
DUKE OF YORK'S. Gt. Possessions. W., S.
GARRICK. The Two Bouquets. Tu., Fri., Sat.
GLOBE. "Candida." Wed. & Sat.
HIPPODROME. 'Big Business.' Th., Sat.
HIS MAJESTY'S. Balalaika. Wed. & Sat.
MERCURY. Ascent of F.6. Fri., Sat.
PLAYHOUSE. Whiteoaks. Wed., Th., Sat.
QUEEN'S. Retreat From Folly. Wed., Sat.
ST. MARTIN'S. Suspect. Tues., Fri.
SAVILLE. Over She Goes. Sats.
SAVOY. The Road to Rome. Fri., Sat.
STRAND. The Squeaker. Wed. & Sat.
WESTMINSTER. Anna Christie. Sat.
WHITEHALL. Anthony & Anna. Wed., Sat.
WYNDHAM'S. George & Margaret. W., S.

THEATRES

ALDWYCH. Tem. Bar 6404.
8.30 (Ex. Mons.) Mats., Wed., Thurs. & Sat., 2.30.
JANE EYRE.
CURIGWEN LEWIS. REGINALD TATE.

CAMBRIDGE. Tem. Bar 6056.
EVGS., 8.30. Mats., THURS., SATS. 2.30.
1066 AND ALL THAT.
A Musical Comedy of English History.

COLISEUM, Charing X. Tem. Bar 3161. Evgs., 8.15.
Mats., WEDS., THURS., & SATS., 2.30.
THE VAGABOND KING
MARIA ELSNER, HARRY WELCHMAN, GEORGE GRAVES.

COMEDY. 8.30. Mats., Tues., Fri., 2.30. Whi. 2578.
ANMER HALL presents
"BUSMAN'S HONEYMOON."
By DOROTHY L. SAYERS & M. ST. CLARE BYRNE.

DRURY LANE. Evgs., 8.0. Wed., Sat., 2.30.
IVOR NOVELLO, DOROTHY DICKSON,
ZENA DARE in
CARELESS RAPTURE.

DUCHESS. (Tem. 8243.) 8.30, W. & S., next, 2.30.
MILE AWAY MURDER
by Anthony Armstrong
(Author of "*Ten Minute Alibi*").

DUKE OF YORK'S. Tem. 5122. 8.30. W., S., 2.30.
GREAT POSSESSIONS,
"REMARKABLE, MOVING AND SINCERE, AS WELL AS CLEVER."—*The Morning Post.*

GARRICK. OVER 250 PERFS. (Tem. 4601.)
8.30 (Ex. Mons.). Mats., Tues., Fri., Sat., 2.30.
THE TWO BOUQUETS.
"LOVELIEST PLAY IN LONDON."—*S. Dispatch*

GLOBE. Ger. 1592. EVENINGS, 8.30.
Mats., WEDNESDAY & SATURDAY at 2.30.
BERNARD SHAW'S
"CANDIDA."

HIPPODROME. Ger. 3272. Evgs., 8.15.
Mats., Thurs., Sats., at 2.30. BOBBY HOWES in
"BIG BUSINESS."
VERA PEARCE. WYLIE WATSON. BERTHA BELMORE.

HIS MAJESTY'S. (Whi. 6606.) EVGS., 8.15.
BALALAIKA. A Musical Play.
Mats., WEDNESDAYS & SATURDAYS, 2.30

MERCURY. Park 5700. 8.30 (ex. Mon.), F., S. 2.30.
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WHITEOAKS.

QUEEN'S THEATRE. Gerrard 4517.
EVGS., 8.30. MATS., WED. & SAT., 2.30.
MARIE TEMPEST in
RETREAT FROM FOLLY

ST. MARTIN'S. Tem. Bar 1443.
EVGS., 8.30. MATS., TUES. & FRI., 2.30.
SUSPECT,
by Rex Judd.

SAVILLE. EVGS., 8.15. Mat., SATS., 2.30.
STANLEY LUPINO in
OVER SHE GOES.
Musical Tantivy with LADDIE CLIFF.

SAVOY. (Tem. 8888.) Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Fri., S., 2.30.
ENA BURRELL and JAMES MASON in
THE ROAD TO ROME.
A Comedy by ROBERT EMMETT SHERWOOD.

STRAND. Tem. Bar 2660.
EVGS., 8.30. MATS., WED., & SAT., 2.30.
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WESTMINSTER. Vic. 0283. 6/-, 3/6, 2/6 (bookable).
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by Eugene O'Neill.

WHITEHALL. (Whi. 6692.) 2nd YEAR.
Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Wed. & Sat., 2.30. (Smoking).
ANTHONY AND ANNA.
A Comedy by ST. JOHN ERVINE.

WYNDHAM'S. (Tem. 3028, 3029.)
EVGS., 8.30. MATS., WED. & SAT. at 2.30.
"GEORGE and MARGARET."
COMEDY by GERALD SAVORY.

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"DIE JULIKA" (U).

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Also NEWS, DISNEY CARTOON AND SPECIAL SHORTS.

DANCES

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F.P.S.I. DANCE on Friday, April 2nd, at Royal Hotel, Upper Woburn Place, W.C.1. 8 p.m. to 1 a.m. Admission at door: members 3s., non-members 3s. 6d.

SATURDAY, APRIL 3rd, Grand Dance and Surprise Night, Suffolk Galleries, Pall Mall. Novel Cabaret—Russian Buffet. Dancing 8 p.m.—1 a.m. Tickets, 2s. 6d. "Russia To-day" Socials Sec.: Friendship House, Little James Street, W.C.1.

THE NATIONAL LABOUR CLUB. Reception Dance, Cabaret, Monday, April 5th, eve of the re-assembly of Parliament, at the New Burlington Galleries, Burlington Gardens, Piccadilly. Reception by Dr. Hugh Dalton, M.P., Chairman of the Labour Party. Dancing till midnight. Tickets, 2s. each, at the door.

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HULL Little.
Evgs., 8. Mat., Thurs. & Sat., 2.30.
Macbeth. By William Shakespeare.

LIVERPOOL Playhouse.
Evgs., 7.45. Mat., Sat., 2.30.
The Bad Samaritan. By J. B. Priestley.

MANCHESTER Repertory.
Evgs., 7.30. Mat., Sat., 2.30.
Springtide. By George Billam & J. B. Priestley.

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